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John W. Shirley, fl. 1689-1702

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London, Printed by W. and J. Wilde, for N. Bodington at the Golden-Ball in Duck-Lane. 1691.

PR2339

S55T7

1692

Office

THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

THough sundry Essays of this nature have been made, yet there is nothing wrought up to that height of Eloquence or stamped with such Perfection, but that the same Subject is Copious enough for new Undertakings, and may admit of a greater lustre: The Consideration of which, and that I may still endeavour to please (especially) the softer Sex, has emboldened me to undertake this Work; to try, if possibly, I may exceed what has hitherto been scatter'd abroad in the World. Great indeed have been the Pains and Industry of some to deliver themselves in such a Method and Style, as has charmed the Senses of many, and induced them to believe it would be altogether vain and unsuccessful for any after them to pretend to the like. So in the days of Chaucer the Men of that Age con-

A 2 cluded

The Preface to the Reader.

cluded the succeeding Writers must be silent when his Works appeared; but even the following Age was convinced, that their Fathers layd too great a stress upon his Writings; though 'tis true they are to this day held in much esteem, yet more for their Antiquity and the good meaning of the Author, than any excellent Style or accurate Fancy that adorns 'em. But least I should be censured as vain-glorious in attempting to create in others a good Opinion of what I have written, it is time I should limit my Pretensions, and tell the Reader that my Design has all along been to give birth to somewhat that might please, especially, the Younger sort; so that after many Considerations and Debates with my self what should be brought forth, my teeming Fancy grew pregnant with many Academical Conceits, which like the Atoms of original Chaos serrieing together, framed this Book so full of variety, that I hope it will answer the Expectations of those that shall give themselves the leisure to peruse it; which if it does, I have my End, and remain, Reader,

Your most humble

Servant,

John Shirley.

J. D. To his worthy Friend,
J. S. upon the perusal of his
new Book, Intituled, *The Tri-
umph of Wit, &c.*

S I R,

I Have view'd the Book you lately wrought,
And find each Page with curious Fancy fraught;
Such as must raise the most dejected mind,
Charm the dull Soul, and make the froward kind.
In all the Lines you to the World impart,
The kindling Flames of Love, of Wit and Art,
Unite their Powers; — }

Yet calm and innocent in all appear,
As Thoughts and Dreams of new-born Infants are.
In it (as in a Garden choice in Flowr's,
Profuse in Fruits, cool Fountains, shady Bowr's,
Soft Walks, excluding *Phæbus* scorching Heat,
Breathing cool Airs, yet making Storms retreat,)
Variety of Recreation lyes
Scatter'd all o'er; cast where we will our Eyes, }
The more we look the more the Work we prize.
'Tis something strange it lay so long obscure,
So long the World its absence should endure,
Whilst those that are but Shadows of the kind,
With much Applause could large Acceptance find.
So when the Earth rose from her watry Bed,
A dim expanded Light her Face o're-speak;
But when the Sun made from its Eastern Throne,
The feeble shadow of a Light was gone:

But wherefore strive I to make known its worth,
When in it self it self's so well set forth?
'Tis but perusing, and the Reader'll see
There is no need it should be prais'd by me;
But rather I may undergo his Fate,
Who would read War to *Hannibal* the Great?
Pardon me then, if I have done amiss,
And if I have, let Friendship plead for this.
And let the Reader too, forgive the Man,
Where Merit has commanded what is done.
What did I say, what's done? yes, that is true;
But how much more, alas! than he can do?
I like a Rivulet, run to the large Flood
That needs me not, yet so my Will is good:
He that has Kingdoms, Cities may bestow,
But he that has no Cities can't do so.
He that do's give (though Fortune han't him blest)
With a good Will, the Will supplies the Rest.

Sir, Your Friend

And very Humble Servant,

J. D.

G. E. To his worthy Friend
Mr. J. S. upon the perusal of
his new Book, Entituled, *The
Triumph of Wit, &c.*

Dear Friend, I read your Book, and find in it
No common Stuff, but th' Quintessence of Wit;
No trivial Things to fill an empty Page,
But such as must (if ought) will please the Age:
Nature and Art conspir'd to guide your Pen,
As if they'd make well-writing live again,
By giving to each Line force, fire, and sense
To move, compel and charm with Eloquence.
Each pleas'd my Ear, and rais'd my wonder too,
How in so short a time you this cou'd do;
How in a Time when other Labours prest
Your teeming Fancy, gave your Muse no rest,
Your Brain the World with this *Minerva* blest;
When many puzzled, till Old Age at last
But *Embrio* Brats into the World have cast;
Yet proud of the dull indigest Load,
Each swells and thinks himself a Demi-god;
Hoping by such a Trifle, that his Name
Shall e'er stand fair i'th' Records of loud Fame:
When you more Books than Weeks compose the year,
By far have wrought, yet unconcern'd appear;
All unaffected stand, and rather choose,
Than boast of it, the praise of all to loose;
Whilst others claim (as *Virgil's* once) your Muse.

So still go on, that you like him may rise,
 Humility, when mounting highest, flies,
 And *Phoenix* like can soonest reach the Skies. }
 Nor need the coyest Virgins fear to read
 These Nectar Lines that from your Pen proceed :
 No obscene Words take place to raise a Blush,
 And make the Roses o're the Lillies flush ;
 But softest strains of Mirth and modest Love
 Enammel all this fragrant tempting Grove,
 Where dwells th' Eterhal Spring of charming Wit ;
 Such as can ne'er offend, but must delight,
 And raise a silent Transport in the mind }
 Make young Men constant, and young Maidens kind,
 That Love may his large Empire larger find. }

Sir, I am your affectionate, and

Devoted Friend and Servant,

G. E.

THE

(1)

THE
Generous Lover's Complaint
TO
His scornful MISTRESS;
OR,
PHAON to DORINDA.

A Heroick POEM.

HOW long, *Dorinda*, shall I fight in vain,
Burn with Love's Fever, struggle with my pain?
Breathe scorching Breath, proclaiming fires within,
More fierce than those in bellowing *Ætna* seen;
E'er you look down, and bid me live in peace,
E'er with one Smile my labouring Soul you ease.
Ah! be more kind, or else appear less fair,
Yet bright as you destroying Angels are.
Forgive me, Heav'n! such Parallels to make;
And you, dear Saint, forgive me what I speak;
Forget what from a mind in pain dares break.
O! shine my Sun, let kindly beams be hurl'd
From your bright Eyes into my little World;
O'er-cast with Clouds of Discontent and Fear,
Which in a thousand threatening Shapes appear:
As when to warn and terrifie Mankind,
In various Forms the Phantoms ride on Wind;
And muster'd Armies in the thinner Air
Shaking their Spears, for dreadful War prepare:

The Triumph of Wit ; or,

Mix with those Rays a smile that may impart,
 Such Beauty cannot have a stoney Heart ;
 Or if you drop a Tear to hear me grieve,
 'Twill quench my Flames, and give me power to live ;
 'Twill quench the burning part, yet leave a heat
 Gentle and calm, in Love's most hid retreat.
 Consider too, delays may dangerous prove,
 None are impatient, like to those in Love.
 Remember, where Despair has fail'd to kill,
 Where Grief, where Scorn could not the task fulfill,
 The ready hand a tedious life has loos'd,
 The Sword, the gentler Cordial, has been us'd,
 And thought more noble than to live refus'd :
 For Death, what is it, but an easie pain
 To those that die a thousand times in vain ?
 Consider this, fair Saint, and let me know
 What Mercy is, and how much you can show.
 O trifle not with one that is your Slave,
 Who lives for you, for you delays his Grave ;
 Dallies with Fate, to think you will be kind,
 But if in vain, he hopes what ne'er he'll find ;
 Let him but know it, and you'll quickly see
 He has a way from Pain to set him free.
 Yet when the stream of Life is set afloat,
 And all the Glory of the Earth's forgot ;
 When dazy Mists swim round my dying Eyes,
 And my freed Soul's just mounting to the Skies ;
 The last-fetch'd Sigh shall bless *Dorinda's* Name,
 And pray for her who is the Cause I'm slain.

Madam,
Your most affectionate, languishing,
and almost despairing Lover,

J. S.

A Dia

A Dialogue between Altemor and Almira.

*Love broke through danger, Constancy has crown'd
True Love with Fetters, ne'er cou'd yet be bound.*

Altemor. **T**HIS unexpected Letter delivered me by an unknown hand, possesses me with mortal fears, that my dear *Almira* is in danger---Ha---it says she'll meet me here this very hour--- and see where she comes-- O how I revive at this blest sight!

Almira. May this Grove for ever flourish, that has been so often kind to shelter us from the prying Eyes of too severe and too officious Parents, who strive to cross our Happiness.

Alt. May it wear a lasting Green, and may these cool shades be still a Recess for Lovers, and these fragrant Banks Enammell'd with the pride and glory of the Spring, yield them a soft Repose, whilst they breath forth a thousand tender things: But how, my dear *Almira*, did you scape your guard to bless me with such unexpected Joy?

Alm. Not without great difficulty, you may be sure, considering how narrowly I have been watched ever since your last Letter was intercepted by my Father.

Alt. It was unhappy it so fell out, and I have mourned that fatal over-sight of mine, which was the cause of so long a separation: But since my better self, I have you in my Arms, all sorrow vanishes much like a Morning-cloud that's spent in showers.

Alm. But you had like never to have had me thus again, had I not escaped as I did, all our Joys, and all we can expect from Love, had been for ever barred.

Alt. As how, my dear *Almira*! Alas, I tremble at the sound of what you say; had been for ever barr'd! Just Heaven could ne'er have suffer'd such a Punishment to fall upon Innocents, since Love is Heavens chief

chief Attribute.— But speak, for I find by the Roses being frighted from your Cheeks, that you've escaped a danger.

Alm. I have so; for my Father upon the discovery of the intreague we were carrying on, confin'd me to my Chamber, resolving out of hand to marry me to his Neighbour P——

Alt. Death and Ruine—Cou'd he be so barbarously inclined to joyn these Beauties, fresh and gay as new-blown Roses, and more sprightly than the kindling flame, apt for Love and mutual Joys, with Age and Impotency? Cou'd he be so cruel to cast the blooming Spring adorned, and smiling with her fragrant sweet, into the Icy Arms of shivering Winter, which seems in Nature dead? Sure 'tis impossible.

Alm. It was intended, and my nauseous Lover daily visited me, strove with Presents, and a thousand Amorous Stories to make me pliant.

Alt. And did you not regard 'em? How could you resist his Flattery, or be proof against his Wealth?

Alm I answer'd him with Tears, and more and more grew sullen when he wooed, protested against his love, and vow'd to sacrifice my life rather than to be his Bride: My Father chid me for my obstinacy, and laid approaching Greatness in my view; urged and conjured me by the power of his paternal Jurisdiction over me, to yield my self-obedient to his Will. I answer'd him, My life was in his hand, and that he might command it when he pleas'd: But for my Love. it soared a nobler height, and could not be circumscribed, as being free by a Charter ancient as the World. He storm'd at this, and said, I trifled with him, and should dearly suffer for my obstinacy: I thereupon fell at his feet, o'er-whelm'd with Tears and Sighs, that wou'd have moved a Rock of Adamant, and begged I might be free to make my choice; or if he would not grant it,

it, as he had given me life, next to the workings of nature, and the invisible power that infused that breath of life which ought to act in freedom, he wou'd strike me dead, and kindly put an end to woes that might ensue. At this his Eyes shot fire, his Frowns, methought, looked like a Winter-cloud fraught with a thousand storms, at which I trembled, and look'd pale: But he, remorseless, told me, That in spite of all my denial and resistance, I must prepare the next day to be a Bride; at which my Spirits failed, and I sunk down into a deadly swoon, and in that plight he left me: For when I awoke as from the dead, and faintly reared my head, I found me in my Nurse's Arms, who pitying my distress, and moved by my Tears and Intreaties, my Vows and Protestations of sacrificing my Life to my Father's Anger, but not my Love, she helped me to Cordage, whereby I made my escape through the Window, tho' at the hazard of my Life, by reason of its height, and have since obscured my self to give you notice by Letter to meet me in this place.

Alt. And all this for worthless me! O my dear—dear Angel! What Recompences can I make to such transcendant Goodness, who have been the cause of all your sufferings?

Alm. Your Love, and Constancy, and Kindness in not upbraiding me hereafter with my over-fondness, is all I ask.

Alt. Love and Constancy—why thou deserveest more than the World can give; or to upbraid you with what's the noblest Virtue of your Sex, wou'd merit a punishment beyond what witty horror cou'd invent. Witness, all ye Powers, and may hot Lightning strike me dead; may all the bolts of Thunder fall upon my head the moment that I prove unconstant or unkind.

Alm. I must believe you, Sir, for now my Love and Fortunes are at your dispose; I'll leave the management

ment of all to you ; yet consider it is a business that requires speed, or else the Wind that blows so fair, may turn into a Storm, and shipwrack all our happiness e'er we arrive at the desired Port.

Alt. The God of speed shall wing us in our flight,
Hymen the Torch shall of our Nuptials light,
 And stop the Ruine you so much cou'd dread,
 Whilst to a thousand Joys my Dear is lead ;
 Joys that shall recompence you for the pain
 You once endur'd, but ne'er shall feel again.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The Bashful Lover's Encouragement ; or, No-
 thing like Tryal.*

In a Dialogue between Pharmedon and Phœbe.

Phœbe. **P**RAY, Sir, why do you follow me up and down like my shade, and continually cast your self in my way, like an evil *Genius* haunting a guilty Conscience ?

Pharmedon. As if you knew not, Madam, the cause, or were unacquainted with my Sufferings.

Phœ. I know — why sure you talk in your sleep, and are insensible of what you say — Prithee how shou'd I know what the matter's with you ? I have other business to mind than enquire into your affairs.

Pha. Have not my sighs, my eager gazes, the restless motions of my Body inform'd you my mind is diseased, and that Disease proceeds from Love ?

Phœ. From Love ! A foolish-idle Fancy arising from Ease and Luxury : But with whom, I prithee, do I know the Party —

Pha. Ah, Madam, you know her above all others ; nor is any body more largely acquainted with her Heart, than your self.

Phœ.

Phæ. Very fine--- I warrant you the party is not far off, that you have been harping upon all this while.

Pha. Madam, you have truly guessed : The beautiful Angel I adore, is here ; and thus I fall at her Feet to beg she'd have compassion on a Wretch that lives but by her smiles,

Phæ. Ha, ha,——Why this is very pretty——Come come, rise, and ne'er unman your self at this rate to kneel to a Toy called Woman : Prithee, what is it you wou'd have me do for you ?

Pha. Alas, I scarce dare be so bold as to tell you what I languish for ; yet since you give me leave, I'll summon all my Courage to my Aid.

Phæ. Prithee make haste and do it, that I may see what a Champion you are, or I shall leave you to talk to the Wind, for my business requires me in another place.

Pha. Thanks, kind Heaven, for this blest moment, and ten thousand Blessings fall on her that has vouchsafed to hear me speak.

Phæ. No long Prologues, I beseech you : Speak what you wou'd say, or for ever be dumb.

Pha. Fairest of Creatures ! whose Eyes out-shine the Morning-star ! whose Face is lovelier than the Rose-dawn, where Purple Clouds are edged with Gold---

Phæ. Hey days ! here's a long story to no purpose ! Well, if this be all, fare ye well.

Phæ. Dearest of Creatures, stay : O take not from me my Light, my Life, my Happiness ! if I have offended, be gracious, and chide me, but do not fly me.

Phæ. Why speak then whilst you may, and trifle with your self and me no longer.

Pha. Then know, dear Saint, I love you more than life, and long have sigh'd and languish'd, but durst not tell the cause of my dejected sadness, till you gave me leave, lest by offending I should lose all hope.

Phæ.

Phe. And was all this whining and pining occasioned by Love? All this sadness for the love of me!

Pba. It was— As for a Treasure more valuable in my esteem, than all the Riches in the Universe.

Phe. Yet, perhaps, shou'd I become your easie prize, your mind wou'd alter, and I shou'd be neglected.

Pba. Never, never, thou best of earthly Blessings; to you my Love shall stand firm as Rocks, immovable as Mountains, and boundless as the Ocean.

Phe. Cou'd I conceit such Constancy in Man, I shou'd value the Sex at a higher rate than yet I have set upon it.

Pba. Witness all ye gaudy Fires, ye shining Lamps of Heaven, that feed the Firmament with light, and ever dance your mystick Round through the blue Canopy that covers us, witness; and strikeme with your bailful influence, if my Passion e'er diminish, or if I love not this dear Saint, next the Deity that I adore.

Phe. Come, come, no more of your conjuring Protestations; if you love, as you say, what needed all this cringing and whining? Cou'd not you as well have spoke out like a Man at first? Wou'd you have Women make the Advance? Indeed many of you puny Lovers have been so vain to expect it, and many times lost what was most desired for want of asking for. But, in brief, if you are in Love, as you say, I hope I have given you encouragement sufficient to pay me a Visit at another time, and express your self further; for now my great Affairs urges me to take my self from you: And I bid you Adieu.

Pba. Ten thousand Blessings wait upon you; and may some Angel with a golden Trumpet, sound this to the World, to let all Mankind know the Joy that overwhelms my Heart.

Methinks I now am rais'd to a degree,
Higher than Fate can reach to injure me;

No opportunity I'll lose, but hast
To that fair Land in which my Lot is cast;
'Time now's too precious for a Moment's wast.

*A Dialogue between Sylva and Cloris; Or,
The Promise Claim'd, &c.
Being the Mystery of Love, &c.*

Sylva. **M**Y dear *Cloris*! how have you spent your
Time this many-a-day? Methinks mine
has been tedious since you left me.

Cloris. Indeed our parting has not been pleasant
to me neither; but I have been interess'd in such a
hurry of Affairs, that my return cou'd be no sooner.

Syl. In what Affairs was you taken up? I prethee
let me have a Relation of 'em.

Clo. A thousand trivial Businessses not worth your
taking notice of.

Syl. Nay, never seek to shelter 'em from your friend,
for I find by your blushing there's something more
than ordinary in't.

Clo. Prithee, what can you guess of that kind, un-
less it be——

Syl. Nay, out with it, I find it sticks at your
Tongues end.

Clo. Why, it was a business of Love, a trivial mat-
ter, or so.

Syl. You are Married then, and would conceal it
from me! Is this done like a Confident? Nay, I
heard some whispering of it a Week ago.

Clo. And so wou'd you, I'll warrant you, if you
had had the opportunity.

Syl. Yes, faith, with all my Heart, the sooner the
better; but since it is your Lot to have the advan-
tage

rage of me, I shall make so bold with you, as to claim your Promise.

Clo. What promise, I prithee?

Syl. Sure you can't be so forgetful as not to remember it; Was it not agreed between us, that she that was married first, shou'd give the other an account of her happiness, with encouragement and directions how she ought to proceed.

Clo. Why, you are not in earnest, sure!

Syl. In earnest ——— yes, certainly I am.

Clo. Ey, fy; indeed you make me blush—— and yet I don't well understand what you say neither.

Syl. Come, come, blush me no blushes, nor pretend me no ignorance; I long to know, and won't be put off so.

Clo. I prithee, Girl, ask no questions of this kind; I'll vow I can't forbear blushing to hear you talk at this rate; sure you did not sleep well last night,

Syl. Why, there's it; it may be I am mad, and don't know what I say: however, an honest Lads will be as good as her word.

Clo. Her word! in what?

Syl. As if I had not told you, and you were ignorant.

Clo. Why sure you are not so foolish to think that I was any other but in jest, when I talked so childishly.

Syl. But if it had fell to my lot, I'm not a little confident you'd have been rigorous with me in urging me to a performance.

Clo. Well. Fool, rather than have this pouting and reproach, I'll say something, as far as Modesty will warrant me.

Syl. Why, who asks any thing beyond it? Not I for all the World.

Clo. Why then, when my *Sylvander* came first to my Mother's House under a pretence to buy Sheep, I perceived by his casting a Sheeps-Eye at me, that I

was

was the Ew-lamb he had the greatest mind to purchase.

Syl. Cou'd his looking upon you make you fancy he was in love with you?

Clo. No, no, there's more in't; for often as he sat by me, which he wou'd chuse upon any publick occasion, before he grew so bold as to desire my Company in private, he wou'd fix his Eyes upon me with such eagerness, that they grew so dull and dazey with excess of Transport, that when he found I marked it--- he had not for some time power to take 'em off: He wou'd often too let fall a Sigh in the midst of his Discourse; now and then clap his hand upon mine, and draw it back suddenly, as if he fear'd to offend; nay, many times falter in the midst of his Discourse, and be so much out, that he remembred not what he said last, and fancy himself talking to me by unawares, expressing my Name when he was discoursing with others to a different purpose; and when he was at Dinner, as sometimes my Mother wou'd invite him, as being a Neighbour, he wou'd be sure to place himself over-against me, and now and then forget, by gazing on me, what he was about, and cut his Fingers instead of the Meat.

Syl. And are these the signs of a Man in Love?

Clo. Infallible signs of true Love; for though their Tongue should deny it, by these they wou'd lively express it.

Syl. But did you seem to understand him so, as he might take notice of it?

Clo. For some time I did not; but finding him restless and uneasy, and sometimes to keep his Bed, and pretend sickness, that his Companions might not discover his Passion, and upbraid him with his weakness; I gave him some Encouragement (for indeed I was not a little taken with his comely Personage and good Parts)

Parts) that after some sighs and abrupt stammerings, he began to break his mind in many tender Expressions ; and each day growing bolder and bolder, as Lovers do, that find their Mistress not unwilling to hear their Suit, he at length plainly asked me, if I cou'd love him, and wou'd accept of him as a Husband ?

Syl. And what cou'd you say to that ?

Clo. Why I blush'd, and made many Excuses, tho' Heav'n knows my heart, I was as willing as he cou'd wish.

Syl. Then you did not deny him ?

Clo. No, nor positively comply neither, but referred the whole business to the discretion of my Mother, whose Judgment was necessary to be consulted in so weighty Affair ; he knew well enough his Wealth wou'd tempt her into a Compliance, and therefore made the less scruple on't.

Syl. And did he succeed ?

Clo. With the greatest ease imaginable ; for it seems, as she has since told me, he was the Man she ever pitched upon to make me happy.

Syl. There was no delay then in the business.

Clo. Not any, for in three days all things were prepared for the Wedding ; and to give you an account in the proceeding of that Solemnity, is needless, seeing you are an Eye-witness of all that passed between us, tho' you dissembl'd it.

Syl. No, no, by your leave, but I was not, we are only in the Porch of your Joys yet ; pray let us enter a little further into the Mystery of your Love.

Clo. As how ? Where ? Upon what ground ?

Syl. Nay, nay, never blush for the matter : Come, come ; proceed, proceed.

Clo. Proceed, to what ! why, I have told you already as much as I know, therefore pray be satisfied.

Syl. And are these all the Joys, all the Pleasures, all the

the soft Delights that I have flatter'd my self withall,
when I enter into a Marriage Estate ?

Clo. Yes, What more can you expect than to love,
and be beloved ?

Syl. But are there no tender things, no charming
Transports that stupifie the Soul, and melt it into Rap-
tures ? Methinks my Fancy reaches at something be-
yond what you have named.

Clo. There are a thousand Joys indeed that wait on
Love where it is truly Reciprocal, and mixes the uni-
ted Souls of Lovers, in joys so soft and tender, that
scarcely Fancy, much more Words, are capable of
reaching 'em. Now I hope you are satisfied, or if you
are not, I'll answer no more of this kind, but leave
you to expect hereafter.

Syl. I am satisfied in the Sense of what you mean,
and by this kind embrace, return you thanks.

Clo. Then it is time we part, for see the day grows
old, and the falling Sun admonishes us to drive our
Flocks to the fresh stream—— [Exit.

Syl. Well, we will part, and Rest must leave me too,
Till some kind Swain more freely lets me know
What 'tis to love, and love, and ne'er give o'er ;
Maidens, till so enrich'd, are ever poor. [Exit.

*The Welshman lost in a Wood ; or, his Dia-
logue with Eccho, in mistake of his Mistress ;
who, in the mean time, found opportunity to
marry another, &c.*

Enter Shon-a. **W**ELL, hur was pointed to meet hur
Morgan alone. Mistress in this Wood ; hur must
therefore consider what hur must
tell hur ; Plut, hur must—— Why, hur need not seek
long

long for that---Hur will tell hur hur Name was *Shon-a-Morgan*, pörn in *Wales*, come of Pighthouse and *Pritish* Plod, was have creat Hills and Mountains; All hur none when hur can get 'um; and that hur Countries was never conquer'd, put have the Victories prave-ly, and that hur speake true; hur have Arms and Scutcheons of hur Ancestors, and give in hur Crest Monsters and Dragons, was kill'd 'um with their *Welsh* Hooks very valiantly as any Shentleman in the whole Url'd; nay more, was say that was place hur good-will and affections upon hur in ways of Makemony; Hur will fight in hur Cause, and quarrel as long as have any Plod in Pellies and Packs; and when hur get Matrimonies and Wedlocks, mark hur, awl hur Cozens was make Joys and Gratulations for hur good fortunes, upon their *Welsh*-Harps---Ha, was not hur Mistress come yet? Plut hur had almost lost hur self in these Woods and Wilderesses, and was very weary of these Journeys, Voyages, Travels and Footbacks: Hur was call, and see if hur can make hur hear hur--So-ho, So-ho.

Eccho. So-ho.

Shon-a-M. Ha, tere was some Podies yet---Hark you! here was a Shentleman of *Wales*--look you, desires to have Speeches and Confabulations with hur; Where is hur?

Eccho. Here is hur.

S. M. Here is hur--- but hur knows not which way to come at hur. Pary hur tell hur where you be.

Eccho. Boobie.

S. M. Poobie! was hur call hur Poobies?--- 'tis very sawcy Answer was tell hur that--- hur will teach hur better Manners and Moralities if hur get at hur--- if hur get hur within the Circumferences of hur *Welsh* Plade, was swinge hur truly.

Eccho. You lye.

S. M.

S. M. How is that! Lyes and Poobies too--- Hark ye me--- *Shon-a-Morgan* was give hur Mawls and Knocks for hur Lyes and Poobies, and Indignities--- And thus hur draw hur *Welsh* Plade and at hur--- Why, here is no Podies but Pulhes and Briars--- And since all was quiet again, was call once more--- So-ho, So-ho.

Eccho. So-ho, So-ho ———

S. M. Ha! here is hur again--- Let hur fee--- Hur is very much mistaken now it come into hur mind, if this be not hur none Countrywoman *Eccho*.

Ecch. *Eccho.*

S. M. 'Tis very true; but hur much marvel, and creatly wonder how hur come to travel into these Countries--- hur warrant hur follow *Shon-a-Morgan* for loof of hur out of *Wales*.

Ecch. Out of *Wales*.

S. M. 'Tis very true--- Bless us all now, hur call to remembrance hur have had Talks, Confabulations, Communications and Discourses with hur in the Valleys and Mountains in hur none Countrey; this was the very *Glamorganshire* *Eccho* was born there, therefore hur will take more of hur acquaintance, and ask hur some Questions. Hark hur, *Morgan* was travel hither out of Love and Affections to *Silena*?

Ecch. Nay.

S. M. Nay---yes, very true--- Pray can hur tell hur where *Silena* be in these Voods or no?

Ecch. No ———

S. M. No; Where is hur then? Have hur taken all these Labours and Ambulations in Vanities? And must hur go back as hur came?

Ecch. As hur came. ———

S. M. As hur came--- But *Silena* was appointed to meet hur here, and hur hope hur will do it verely---

Ecch. There you lye.

S. M.

S. M. Do's hur lye?--- Very well, you have Priviledges and Leaves to give Lyes, and all the Urds in the Urd.--- But hur will not leave these Vods for all that, hur will be Pilgrim all tays of hur life first, but hur will find *Silena* out, for hur will not go without hur.

Ecch. Go without hur---

S. M. Go without hur---how ! not *Silena* loof hur, then there is a tifle in awl the Sex:--Know very well was promise Loofs and Good-wills in time creat while ago---Pray you now, hur will talk and hold Confabulations with hur no longer; yet if hur meets *Silena*, bid hur make haste: And so fare hur well.

Conclusion.

Thus the bold-*Britain's* sent into the Wood,
To wander there, and cool his boiling Blood;
Whilst the sly Jilt, *Silena*, takes a pride
To laugh at him, his shallow Wit deride,
And to another gives his promis'd Bride.

*An Amorous DIALOGUE between
Richard and Nancy.*

Rich. **O** My *Nancy*! I have longed for an opportunity to break my mind to you, and now I have found it.

Nan. Break your mind, *Richard*---Bless me! have a care of that; for breaking your mind is, if I be not mistaken, to be crack-brain'd, and run distracted.

Rich. No, no, 'tis quite another thing; a thing as different as Chalk from Cheese.

N. Nay, like enough, but I understand it so; yet I prithee to mend my understanding, inform me.

R. Why foolish Girl, it is to open my Heart to thee.

N. How, *Richard*, open your Heart to me! ---

Why

Why, this is worse than t'other — I hope you han't a mind to murder your self, that I may be brought in question for it.

R. O, incorrigible Stupidity — Why I thought you cou'd have reached further to have understood my meaning — But now I find I must lose the benefit of the fine way of Expression, and come to plain, down-right dunstable.

N. Why that's it I'd have ; I ever told you I liked plain-dealing best.

R. Then to be plain with you -- by this Kiss — and this, and this — I love you.

N. O, fy upon it, how you towse a body -- nay, nay, I did not think you wou'd have been so rude —

R. Why, prithee, this is plain-dealing ; and, a-dad, if I am not mistaken, I find by your simpering, you like it a great deal better than whining, pining, sneaking, creeping, cringing, and the like.

N. Well, well, I see you will make me blush ; but pray what may all this tend to ?

R. Why, only to a small, inconsiderable, trifling business, viz. Matrimony.

N. Nay, nay, no cramp words, I beseech you, Richard, but keep yourself to the plain down-right way.

R. Why then by this Kiss — and this Kiss — and —

N. Fy, fy, nay, nay, this is unsufferable — yet methinks I can't be angry with ye for all that.

R. Angry ! No, no ; Angry quotha, you must not, shall not.

N. Indeed but I will, unless you tell me presently, in plain English, what you mean by all this.

R. Very good — Why, I intend to hug you, buss you, love you, wed you, bed you, and I know not what all.

N. Hey-day ! here are abundance of conjuring words.

words—— though I am no Scholar, I can guess well enough at your meaning.

R. Nay doubtless——but pray what think you of the business?

N. Why, truly not much amiss, for I love a man of Parts, that has his Tongue well hung; and is well hung in the other—— Ha! what was I going to say?

R. Come, come, never blush for the matter, but speak if it is a match, and leave the rest to my management.

N. What, wou'd you have me give my Consent at the first asking?

R. Ay marry wou'd I; what shou'd we spend pretious time in pulling and haling, that may be better employ'd?

N. Indeed you say right--Well, to be short, I am contented it shall be so—— Yet to save my Modesty's Credit and Reputation, you must be contented to think I yield against my Will.

R. Never trouble your self for that, nor doubt, but I'll do what becomes me—— Strike me a bargain then, Girl, and 'tis done.

N. But when must we be married?

R. Why e'en to morrow Morning, the sooner the better.

N. Well, seeing it is gone thus far, I'll leave the Management of all to your discretion; and so expecting you'll not fail to fetch me at Ten, I'll dismiss you for this bout.

R. Farewel, my Dear, our Wooing's short, but sweet, And shall more pleasant prove when next we meet. What need Attendance, Cringing, Whining be, When speaking home at first can do't, ye see?

*The Antiquated Chamber-Maid; or,
A Dialogue between Dorothy and Timothy.*

Enter Dorothy alone, speaking to her self.

Dor. **A** Las, poor Gentlewoman! to what misery hath Age brought thee! to what a scurvy Fortune, though thou hast been the Companion of Noble-men, and at the worst of those times for Gentlemen, now like a broken Serving-man, you must beg for favour of those that would have crawl'd like Pilgrims, but for an Apparition of the— You that are young and coming on, make much of Fifteen, and so on till twenty five; use your time with reverence, that your advantage may arise thereby; it will not tarry with you, *Ecce signum*, in me you may see the sign— Here was a face! but Time, that like the Scurvy, eats our Youth; shame on his Iron Teeth, and draw 'em, for't, has been a little bolder than welcome; and now, to say truth, I am fit for no Man; old Men i'th' house of fifty, call me Grannum; and when they are drunk, e'en then, when *Jone* and my Lady are all one, not one will do me reason; my little *Timothy* too has left me; his Silver sound of Citterns quite abolish'd, his doleful Hymns under my Chamber-window digested into tedious study of other matters. Well, Fool, you leaped a Haddock when you left him; he's a clean Man, and a good Edifier, and twenty Nobles in Estate, *declaro*, besides Pigs and Sheep *in posse*. Well, to this dapper Man-I have been ever stubborn, which now I dearly repent, and hope to mend my manners for. O, Love! if ever thou hadst care of forty, and wilt cast thy eyes with pity on such a piece of *Lapland-ground*, bear my Prayer, and fire his Zeal so far forth, that

my faults in this renew'd Impression of my Love may shew to gentle *Timothy* corrected and amended--- Ha, here he comes; yet see how negligent, and with what a careless Gate he passes by me; see how scornfully he marches from me in Querpo--- Yet knowing I have deserved it, I'll venture to let him see I am a Penitent, *Mr. Timothy*.

Tim. Fair Gentlewoman, my Name is *Timothy*.

Dor. Then, gentle *Timothy*, hear me.

Tim. Ungentle *Dorothy*, forbear me,

Dor. Why, *Mr. Timothy*, will you set your Wit to a weak Woman?

Tim. You are weak indeed; for so the Poet sings:

The Weakness that we in a Woman find,

Affects the Body far less than the Mind.

Dor. I confess my weakness, sweet Sir *Timothy*.

Tim. Good my Lady's Chamber-Maid, or my good Lady's Chamber-Maid, this Trope is lost to you now, therefore leave your prating; you have a season of your first Mother: Go, *Dalila*, you make Men Fools, and wear Fig-breeches.

Dor. Well, well, hard-hearted Man, dilate upon the weak infirmities of a Woman--- These are fit Texts--- But once there was a time--- wou'd I never had seen those Eyes; those orient Eyes.

Tim. Ay, ay they were Pearls once with you, witness---

Dor. Good, gentle *Mr. Timothy*, upraid me not, they are Pearls or Diamonds, or any thing with me still.

Tim. Nay, nay, I do beseech you leave your cogging; what they were, they are; they serve me without Spectacles, I thank 'em.

Dor. O! will you kill me with neglect and disregard? If thus you use me long, it is impossible I shou'd survive it.

Tim. There's no fear of that; y're like a Copyhold with nine Lives in't.

Dor. You

Dor. You were wont to bear a Christian Fear about you for your own Worship's sake.

Tim. I was a Christian Fool then; do you remember what a Dance you led me? how I grew qualm'd in Love, and was a Dunce? was out at every turn in my business, and yet you was as hard to me as a long Pedigree.

Dor. O! be now as kind and loving as then you were

Tim. I thank you for that: Sure I will be wiser, *Dorothy*; and as the Heathen Poet sings. I will not loose my Oyl and Labour too; you are, as I take it, *Mrs. Dorothy*, for the Worshipful.

Dor. O, take it so, and then I am for you!

Tim. I like well these tears, and this humbling—— they are Symptoms of Contrition—— if I should fall into my Fit again, wou'd you not shake me into a Quotidian Coxcomb? wou'd you not use me scurvily again, and give me a Posset of purging Comfits?

Dor. O, never! I will love thee longer, better, dearer; I will do any thing; I'll betray the Secrets of the whole Household to your advantage; turn all your Eggs into Penny-Custards, and see your Geese graze and multiply.

Tim. I am mollified, as well shall testify this faithful Kiss—— and have a great care, *Mrs. Dorothy*, how you depress my Spirits any more with your Taunts and Rebukes, for certainly the edge of such folly cuts it self.

Dor. O, Sir, your goodness, sweetness and gentleness, have altogether overcome me! and here I vow a Recantation to those malicious Faults I ever did against you; never more will I despise your good Parts; never more pin Cards and Coney-tails to your Garment; never again reproach your Reverend Night-cap, and reproach it by the mangy name

of Murrain ; never abuse your Reverend Person more ; and say you look like *Baal's* Priest in the Hangings ; never again, when you say Grace, laugh at you, or put you out at Prayers ; never cramp you more, nor when you ride, get Soap and Thistles for you.—No, my dear Master *Timothy*, those faults shall be corrected and amended, as by the tenour of Tears appears.

Tim. Now can't I hold if I should be hang'd ; I must cry too for Company--- Come to thine own Beloved, and do even what thou wilt with me, Sweet-heart--- *Dorothy*, I am thy own for ever--- Here's my Hand, and when *Timothy* proves false, carry him to Church, and hang him in the Bell-ropes. [Exeunt.]

Conclusion.

Thus do dissembling Females conquer Men,
Who being freed, fall in their snares agen,
So the *Aegyrian* Crocodile sheds Tears,
Forc'd from his Eyes when he his Prey ensnares.

*The Fortunate LOVERS ; or,
The Happy Meeting :*

A Dialogue between Amarillis and Phaon.

Phaon. **F**Air *Amarillis*, welcome to this Grove,
The cool Retirement, and Recess of Love ;
Which now more pleasing is, since grac'd by you ;
A fairer Guest its Shades yet never knew.

Amar. The place is pleasant, and your kindness great,
In bringing me to such a calm Retreat ;
Where kissing Sun-beams on the Leaves abide,
That shelter us yet : *Phaon* I must chide,
For trying with your Flattery to raise my Pride. }

Ph. Dear *Amarillis*, be that far from me,
I know not where those flatt'ring Regions be,

That

That by Mankind so much are visited;
But this know, that you are fair indeed.
The Queen of Beauty triumphs in your Face;
To you the Shepherdesses all give place:
The Shepherds sigh for you with pleasing Pain,
Each seeks with care your Favour first to gain.

Am. Shou'd I think so, I must my self deceive,
How can she conquer, that do's Captive live?

Ph. Captive! to whom! what Mortal is so blest
With Charms, or Parts that can give you unrest!
What Virtue is to such perfection grown!

All that Mankind dare claim, were it in one,
Can ne'er the peace that guards your brest dethrone

Am. I thought so once, but now I find too plain,
And blushing must confess, my thoughts were vain.

Ph. Less than a Monarch can't your Heart subdue.

Am. No, my meek Soul, Ambition's Air ne'er drew,
Pardon me, *Phaon*, when I say 'tis you.

Ph. Oh! Heav'ns, what Rapture, what a maze I'm in!
O, speak dear Saint, breathe those blest words again!
Let Angels take 'em at the first rebound,
And to the World with Golden Trumpets sound,
That unexpected, I a Heaven on Earth have found.

Am. O, spare the Blushes of a yielding Maid!
Who to your Arms the God of Love betray'd:
Take, take the willing Prize--- and be'n't unkind
To say, when discontent disturbs your Mind,
How easie *Amarillis* to be won, you find.

Ph. Never, my Angel--- dearest, greatest bliss;
But count this day, my day of happiness.

The Happy Choice.

A Poem.

1.

With that part of the World, which like a Sea
 Provok'd by storms, to mount and toss her
 I find I never calmly shall agree, (waves ;
 Softer Retirement my attention craves :
 Where noisic Business reigns, the place I'll shun,
 And at sweet leisure pity those that strive,
 And toil their Youth away to be undone,
 By growing old before they know they live.—

2.

For at the best, the sweet of earthly Joy
 Has mixtures in it, Wormwood bears a part,
 And much allays, or does the force destroy
 Of Bliss, that shou'd exalt the trembling Heart ;
 Which makes me smile, when selvelins fiercely drive,
 And Croud and Buz with busie Murmurings
 To snatch the Honey from the guarded Hive,
 And undergo the Torment of a thousand Stings.

3.

Whilst those that freed from Crouds in little state,
 Truly enjoy themselves, and happy are ;
 And to themselves can true Content create,
 When others are themselves a Civil War.
 Then grant, ye kinder Fates, e'er to my Grave
 Death with his frosty Breath bids me be gone,
 E'er in exchange for Shades, this Light I leave,
 And in Eternal Gloom forget the Sun,

4.

That in some Rural Cottage I may dwell
 With Sylvan Scene surrounded, where the Hills
 Clad in their native Green, do gently swell ;
 Where flowry Vales spread Odours, where the trills

Of

Of silver Brooks, or mazy Rivolets run,
Kissing their winding Banks, whilst brouzing Flocks
With tender bleatings do sweet Musick tune,
And cover all the Plains with fleecy Locks.

5.

There out of fond ambitious reach I'd be,
Contemplate the Creation, and in it
The glorious, wise creating Deity,
Of whom the Creatures are the Counterfeit.
In sacred Solitude, O let me spend
The unfledg'd moments that are yet to move;
Desiring nothing there may me attend,
But thoughts that wait upon Coelestial Love.

*The bold Adventurer made Captive; or,
LOVE's Conquest.
A Poem.*

HOW bold and rash is fond unthinking Man!
With what proud haste he flies to be undone,
And meets a Ruine that wou'd come too soon.
This I, unhappy I, too late have found,
Concluding I was proof against each Wound
That Love could give; I durst behold those Eyes
To which my Heart is made a Sacrifice.
With Lightning arm'd, they shot a pointed Pain,
And in my Soul soon fixt the fatal bane;
Each Part a swift cold trembling seiz'd, the Guard
Of Life seem'd conquer'd, and her Gates unbarr'd;
As when a bright destroying Angel's breath,
The Plague blows in and with it hasty death;
Or when by some infernal Fiend possess'd,
Inly disturb'd by the intruding Guest,

The man stares wildly, foams, and knows not why,
 But strait concludes he instantly must die.
 Such was th' Alt'ration that in me appear'd,
 For Tyrant Love, whom least of all I fear'd,
 Had gain'd the Fortress, and soon let me know
 I must accept of Terms he wou'd bestow,
 Since I was Pris'ner at Discretion made,
 His Arbitrary Pow'r must be obey'd :
 I found him then less generous than Death ;
 For he in's rage ne'er spares the Conquer'd's breath ;
 But cruel Love, with barbarous Mercy saves
 The vanquish'd Wretches Lives to make 'em Slaves ;
 Yet finding no way but to yield, I cry'd,
 Hard Master, I'm your Slave, and must abide
 Whatever your severity will do,
 And beg that my hard task you'd let me know :
 And yet I dread, since Pride, Scorn, and Disdain,
 Continual Watchings, Storms and tedious Pain,
 You those enjoyn to suffer, over whom you reign ;
 Some at your Gally's Oars with endless toil,
 Like *Sissaphus*, do drudge. and han't one smile
 To recompence their Pain— they sigh, but find
 Those sighs serve but to rouse the sleeping Wind.
 Some like the *Memprian* Tyrant, you do doom
 To waste their lives in building of a Tomb.
 Others are put, with sad and lingring Art,
 To work i'th' Quarries of a stony Heart :
 But of the various works you do assign,
 It will best please your Slave to dig the Mine.

Too proud and Filting Mistress.

A POEM.

Madam,

I Own your Charms, I own you fair ;
 Yet bright as you, is a malignant star :

Your

Your Eyes have flame, and scatter beams of light,
Unguarded Hearts with careless Wounds do smite.
Swift to Destruction as th' amazing fire
That through the Clouds do's sally and retire.
So from the hot Basilisk's burning Eyes,
Through trembling Air the darted Poison flies,
Which wing'd by Death, can distant Lives surprize.
Beauteous you are, as Morn e'er from the Bed
Of Sea-born *Tbetis*, *Phæbus* lifts his Head
To sip the pearly Dews on *Flora's* Glory shead.
Gay as the Clouds, his early Beams infold,
Whose fleecy Skirts seem Purple fring'd with Gold;
Yet cruel as *Diana*, whose dire Rites
Nothing but humane Sacrifice delights:
The gazing Wretch your charming Smiles insnare,
To make him sure is all your Pride and Care;
But when he's so, you feed him with Despair.
So in her *Lybian* Laire the *Panther* rests,
Drawing about her the admiring Beasts
To view her damask'd Skin, hiding her head,
That their Approaches may be without dread;
But in her reach advanc'd, she grasps 'em fast,
And makes that dear-bought Gaze to be their last.
Hard Fate of Mankind thus to be deceiv'd,
Why is that noble thing of Sense bereav'd,
To wander like a lated Traveller,
Till in a mazy Labyrinth he tire,
In vainly following a misguiding Fire?
Is there no way to break the wretched Chain?
Must those you snare be pin'd away in pain?
The God of Love ne'er gave such Power to you,
Then you usurp a Tyranny that's new:
If so, your Empire over Hearts will fail,
Against your Charms new Plots will still prevail
Amongst the Brave, this one must needs take place,
That Cruelty makes black a beauteous Face;

All Wounds you smile, you cure by your disdain,
And 'tis by Kindness you can only reign.

The Happy Adventure.

A Poem.

WHEN the bright Sun was hovering o're the brink
Of *Amphitrit*, blushing, as loth to sink
Into his watry Bed, when cooler Air
The scorching heat had banish'd, when the fair
And charming Maids in spreading Shades delight,
Charm'd by the tuneful Singer of the Night,
Whose timely Layes call on the *Vesper* Star,
And tell the World the Shades approaching are:
Love, that had storm'd my Heart, my Mind oppress'd,
Which made me seek to hush my Cares in rest:
But Sleep that to the lowly Cottages
Is still a Friend, and flies from Palaces;
Long time deny'd to aid my willing Eyes,
And left me open to Love's tyrannies;
Against whose force I own I struggl'd long,
But grew more weak, and found the God more strong;
A Face I had beheld beauteous as day,
Yet transient like a Vision 't pass'd away;
The Substance gone, the bright Idea staid,
And in my Heart a deep Impression made;
I fancy'd still the lovely Form in view,
I wish'd or fancy'd, that with Joy I flew
Into her trembling Arms, and found her kind,
Whom I, alas, knew no where then to find;
Toss'd like the Sea, when forc'd by winds it raves,
And in tumultuous Waters finds its Waves,
My thoughts were bandy'd between Hope and Fear,
Like Sailors on the brink of black Despair;

I often

I often wish'd and sigh'd as those for day,
Who in some Wilderness have lost their way,
Mantl'd with Darkness, and paved all with dread,
And by their fears, through Thorns and Briars lead:
When Light had banish'd tedious Darkness, when
Through the grey dawn *Sol's* infant-beams were seen;
Starting from bad Repose, abroad I went,
In hopes the Fields would yield me some content.
But ah--- the Fever still possess'd my Mind,
The Fire burnt inward, whilst I cry'd, be kind,
Be kind, you Powers that rule the Orb of Love,
Produce the cause, or let your flames more gently move.
This scarce was said, but as if Heaven gave way,
And this to crown my Life should be the Day.
Upon a *Grotto* near I cast my Eyes, (prize ;
Whence Light showr'd forth, that struck me with sur-
As when *Aeneas* saw the Golden Bough
That was his Passport through the Realms of woe ;
What it shou'd mean, I paus'd a while to find,
And to advance I often was inclin'd ;
But fearing to profane the mystick Bower,
Struck with an awe it held some bright supernal Pow'r ;
I trembling, made retreat, faint and amaz'd,
Blaming my self that I so long had gaz'd,
Just as I thought to leave the happy Ground,
Methought my Ears were blest with a soft sound,
Which gently whisper'd, 'twas the beaut'ous She,
Whose lovely Eyes had captivated me.
This rais'd new Life, as when (benumm'd with cold,
On Beds of Snow) the Snake in many a fold
Lies motionless, as if all Life was gone,
Is from a seeming Death rais'd by the Sun:
Resolv'd and desperate grown, I now advanc'd,
Love wing'd my steps, no more I stood intranc'd ;
But found the murmur true it was the same,
The lovely She that kindl'd first my flame ;

She

She started at my rude approach and blush'd,
 But on my Knees, with tears her fears I hush'd;
 And as my words cou'd utt'rance find I lay'd
 In sighs my Love before the charming Maid,
 When she began to doubt I meant her ill,
 I bar'd my Breast, and bid her boldly kill
 The Man she fear'd, and from those fears be free,
 Surrendring my unsheathed Sword, whilst she
 Her Eyes, that sparkl'd Goodness, fix'd on me.
 And though to shew her strength of mind, she strove,
 A sigh escap'd her Lips, they trembling move;
 Down drop'd the unus'd Weapon from her hand,
 Two pearly Tears stole from her Eyes; no Land
 Was ever water'd with so rich a Show'r,
 And now to fear or chide, she lost the Pow'r,
 Yet softly cry'd, And must I so soon yield?
 Can my weak Heart no longer keep the Field?
 Ravish'd with Joy at what I heard, again
 With sighs redoubl'd, I for Love complain,
 With all the tender things that I cou'd say,
 I strove into her Heart to find more way;
 Protested that my Fever was so great,
 That on my fading Life the Grave did wait,
 There I must lie, unless she stay'd my Fate.
 'Gainst this she urg'd the Rules of Modesty,
 Too short Acquaintance to ground Constancy.
 Mens hot desires from real Love estrang'd,
 Their fickle Fancies, and how oft they chang'd;
 How soon they weary grow, when Women yield;
 How paul'd their thoughts are when they get the field!
 And much more urg'd, to which I strait reply'd,
 Though some within their heart dare falshood hide,
 Which cannot by the wise be justify'd;
 The Sex must not be branded for the few
 That dare do ill, since there are thousands true;

Whose

Whose love, like Heav'n's swift fire, don't come and go,
 But truly loving, ever will do so.
 'Tis not Acquaintance that do's Love create,
 From tedious Converse it has not its Date,
 But from the Soul mov'd by the Wheels of Fate.
 Then I protested by her self, and all
 The Powr's immortal did to witness call—
 That if she cou'd believe, to Vows give trust,
 I ever wou'd be constant, ever just;
 Or when I fail'd to be so, might I find
 A Punishment uncommon to Mankind— (meet,
 That me hot Lightning arm'd with Death might
 And burnt to Atoms traml'd under feet.
 This earnest Language did her Soul surprize,
 And strait I saw a yielding in her Eyes;
 She sigh'd and blush'd, and for a time was mute,
 And then in a soft tone, she said, Your Suit
 Carries the Type of Honour in its Front,
 And Generosity do's wait upon't.
 What shall I say!—Excuse my Blushes—Love,
 If yielding, I your Reason must approve;
 Take the fond Prize! whereat with eager haste,
 Raptur'd with Joy, my Arms I round her cast,
 Imprinted on her ruby Lips a Kiss,
 And dated from that moment all my Bliss.

The Disconsolate Lover comforted at last.

A Poem.

Beneath the thickness of the gloomy shade,
 A place for Sorrows sad Retirement made;
 Where brooding Night spreads her eternal Wings
 On rising shadows that through Conduits springs,

In blackest shapes which not the Lamp of Day,
 With all its beams has power to chase away;
 They in substantial darkness lose their fire, (retire,
 Whilst to the *Empyrean* source all streams of Light
 I set me down to breath my bailful Grief,
 In hopes (disburthen'd so) to find relief;
 And this sad place I fill'd with Plaints and Cries,
 Pouring two Rivers from my flowing Eyes;
 But soon I found my Laments were in vain,
 And only Eccho answer'd me again.

Ah, wretched Youth! I cry'd, and to my cry,
 Ah, wretched Youth! she sadly made reply;
 Never, never, then said I, must she
 Be by the Fates compell'd to pity me,
 Who through excess of Love for her must die;
 No, never, never, Eccho made reply.

Then have I lov'd in vain, in vain, said I?
 In vain, in vain, agen she made reply.
 With that a rending sigh broke from my Breast,
 Succeeded by a Groan I long suppress,
 Which gave the Flame that in-ly burn'd, new vent,
 And words ensu'd, that long were Pris'ners pent:
 No more, said I, will I be answer'd so,
 For I to Shades more dark than these will go;
 Since I instead of Balm have Poison found,
 That rankles, and more deadly makes the Wound
 Which breath'd unutterable Pains before,
 Compar'd with which those great *Alcides* bore,
 When he the blood-dipt Shirt of *Nessus* wore,
 Wou'd seem but light, yet thus long I have try'd
 To live in hopes she wou'd be mollify'd;
 But since no hopes appear, nought but despair
 Horribly grins a ghastly Smile, and dare
 Deride me shackel'd in Love's fatal Snare:
 Death the more welcome of the two, make haste;
 With that I laid me down to sleep my last.

The

The trembling Earth shook as its Face I prest,
 The sollid Rock a hollow Groan exprest :
 And now to die I calmly did prepare,
 When sounding of approaching Feet I hear,
 Which made me linger on the verge of life,
 A Truce with Death I made, content with Grief
 Till I might learn who in that dismal Grove
 Had kindly heard my moan, when frait my Love,
 The cause of all my Woes, came rushing in,
 By Fate directed, or some Pow'r Divine,
 With pointed Rays of Light so bright she shone,
 That all the Hell-born Fogs with speed retire,
 Her Beauty's force they were compell'd to own,
 Who had derided the Cœlestial Fire.
 Amaz'd at first, I stood by her unseen ;
 Amaz'd, as if I thunder-struck had been :
 When she cry'd, this must be the place my Dream
 Told me I must *Aminta's* life redeem :
 Too hard has been his tryal, I relent ;
 And cou'd I find him yet by Grief unspent,
 I wou'd be kind, and set my Pris'ner free,
 But, ah ! I fear cold Death has don't for me ;
 Though in a sadder way ; if so, I'll mourn,
 And drop a silent tear upon his Urn ;
 Hang o're his little Grave my drooping Head,
 And sigh, and say, Alas for me ! he's dead.
 Reviv'd at this, my scatter'd Pow'r's collect,
 And crawling towards her with low respect,
 Ah me ! I cry'd, can Heav'n be yet so kind,
 That in the Shades of Death I Life shou'd find.
 A voice so doleful made her start aside,
 Supposing it my Ghost so faint I cry'd ;
 But finding her mistake, she led me thence,
 And for my tedious Woes made recompence.
 Now in th' Eternal Spring of Joy and Love,
 All day securely uncontroull'd, I rove ;

All night lie panting on her yielding Breast,
 Soft as the Clouds where little Angels rest,
 More fragrant than the *Phoenix* Spicy Nest.
 Come all you Lovers, come, rejoyce with me,
 Forget your Pain, since such Rewards there be ;
 Since mighty Love can make us all obey,
 Can change our Night to Everlasting Day,
 And such large Intr'est for our Service pay.

*Instructions for Female Courtship ; or, The
 Maidens made capable of Wooing within the
 Bounds of Modesty.*

In a Dialogue between Cinthia and Infanta.

Cin. **M**Is, you are but young yet, and ought not
 to inquire into these Affairs——

Inf. Though as yet I am but young, forsooth, I
 hope I shall be older ; and it will not be amiss to learn
 when I'm young, that I may be better able to practise
 as occasion serves hereafter.

Cin. Practise what, I prithee ?

Inf. Why the Art of making Love, forsooth.

Cin. How ! making Love ! why, silly Girl, it is not
 the Custome for Maids to make Love, but with Pati-
 ence and Modesty to expect the Addresses of young
 Men.——

Inf. Nay, as for the Custome, I am not very well
 acquainted with it ; but I have heard my Elder Sister,
 who was married the last year, much exclaim against
 the proud or over-nice Female that brought up that
 foolish Custome which has prove so prejudicial to the
 Sex——, and say, If she had not in some measure di-
 spens'd with its severity, she might have liv'd till her
 Maidenhead had turn'd to mouldy Cheese.

Cin.

Cin. Why Miss, you talk very merrily--- But did she tell you all this---

Inf. Avads she did, and a great deal more than I can remember; and methinks it was so pretty and pleasing, that I took delight to hear it;--- Nay, you told me too, you wou'd inform me how I shou'd spur up my Sweet-heart, when I have got one---

Cin. I did so, pretty Missy; and to be plain with you, many a good Sweetheart is lost for want of knowing how to manage 'em; for some are such dull Jades. that they must, as you say, be spurred with quick Glances, amorous Smiles, and a gentle squeeze of the Hand, a touch of the Foot with the Toe, and the like, or they'll tire and grow sick of a tedious Wooing, before they come to the end of it.

Inf. O Gemeny! why this is contrary to the received Custom to some purpose: But pray, how must it be brought to pass without exceeding the Rules of Modesty, or saving us from the reproach of our fondness.

Cin. There are ways that a Virgin may make her Love known, and yet secure her self from the injunction of Folly and Fondness.

Inf. As how, forsooth? As how? Pray let me know how the foolish Custom of staying till we are courted, and in a manner to be forced to accept of what we most desire may be dispens'd withal, that better days may ensue; for certain it is, that frequently Men and Maids at one and the same time, have had one and the same desire; yet being restrain'd by fear and shame, have suffer'd the greatest Torments that Love can inflict; and those are not easie, when by a right understanding the Cure had been instantly wrought, and a world of Felicity ensued; and surely it must be grievous to a Love-sick Virgin, who restrained by Custome, for fear, forsooth. of offending Modesty, that tho' the Remedy may easily be had, she dares not ask for it.

Cin. You

Cin. You are in the right on't ; and many for want of a little Confidence, live all their lives languishing, and at last are forced to be at the trouble of carrying their Maidenheads to Heaven, when they might have been Merchantable Ware upon Earth, had they been promoted in the Market. To prevent this, when the Youth addresses, though in words, you must seem somewhat reserved ; yet by fixing your Eyes now and then upon him, taking them suddenly off, and blushing a little to set a better Grace upon the matter, let him see, if he be not so dull as not to understand that kind of Love language, that there is no Reason for him to despair, you may the better to confirm him, as you are talking, clap your Hand upon his, and suddenly withdraw it, as if it happened by mistake ; tread softly, as you find fit opportunity, upon his Toe, and seem to start, as if something more than ordinary were under your foot, and when he takes you by the Hand to lead you, seem to stumble a little, and then grasp him fast, and suddenly recover your self with a blush, as if you had offended ; when he looks wishfully upon you, wink a little, and turn away your Head, clapping your hand over your Eyes, and suffer a gentle Sigh to escape you ; and when in the Dance he chooses you above the rest, turn aside your Head, and faintly excuse it, yet so that he may find a yielding in your Eyes ; when he offers to kiss you, turn your Head a little, and give him your Cheek, fetching a sigh at the same time, as if you were somewhat unwilling ; and if he put the Question to you about Marriage, tell him it is a weighty business, and you must advise with your Friends before you know what to determine.

Inf. Why this is to the life, and I don't doubt but I shall remember it against the time I have occasion to use it.

Cin. This prevails insensible, and chains a Lover more

more than Severity. — But see your Mother comes,
we must retire.

*Memphia to Menacles; or,
The forsaken Lady's Epistle to her Wanderer, &c.
A Poem.*

WHAT is the thing call'd Love we so much prize,
In which each Maiden hopes a treasure lies;
Hopes and Desires with longing eager haste
Those flatt'ring falls alluring Sweets to taste;
'Tis like that Apple with a golden Rhind,
That men near the bituminous Lake oft find,
Gaudy and pleasing to delude the Eye,
Yet in that Rind Cinders and Ashes lie.
How far are they deceived who hope in vain
A lasting Lease of Joys from Love to obtain,
Who think it fair, and court it with such pain.
All the dear Sweets they promise or expect,
After Enjoyment turns to cold neglect;
Cou'd Love a constant happiness have known,
The mighty wonder had to me been shown:
Our Passions were so favour'd by our Fate,
As if it meant 'em an Eternal Date;
So kind he look'd, such tender words he spoke,
'Twas past belief such Vows shou'd e'er be broke;
Fix'd on my Eyes, how often wou'd he say,
He cou'd with pleasure gaze an Age away;
When thoughts too great for words had made him
In kinder Kisses he wou'd tell his Suit (mute
So great his Passion was, so far above
The common Gallantries that pass for Love.
At worst I thought, if he shou'd prove unkind,
His ebbing Passion I shou'd truer find,
Than are the Transports of a vulgar Mind.

Nur

Nor was my Love or Fondness more than his,
In him I center'd all my Earthly Bliss ;
For him my Duty to my Friends forgot,
For him I lost, alas ! what lost I not ?
Fame, all the valuable things of Life,
To meet his Love by a less Name than Wife.
How happy was I then, how dearly blest,
When that lov'd Man lay panting on my Breast,
Sighing such things as ne'er can be express'd.
A thousand kind smiles he gave me every hour,
Whilst greedily I did each Look devour,
Till quite o'recome with Charms, I trembling lay,
At every Look he gave, melted away
Like falling Snow before the Lamp of Day.
I was so highly happy in my Love,
Methoughts I pity'd those that dwelt above.
Think then thou charming, lovely'st, falsest Man,
How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd, and than
My faithless Dear, be cruel if you can.
How I have lov'd, I cannot, need not tell ;
No, every Act has shown I lov'd too well.
Since first I saw you, I ne'er had a thought,
Was not intirely yours, to you I brought
My Virgin Innocence, to you my Heart,
Fill'd with the tend'rest Kindness, did impart ;
Since when ye've been the Star by which I steer'd,
And nothing else but you I lov'd or fear'd ;
Your Smiles I live by, when you frown, I must
Sink in cold Shades, and there revert to Dust.
Oh ! can the coldness you dare shew me now,
Suit with the gen'rous Passion with the Vow,
The solemn Promise you'd be ever true.
Or shou'd you pity her you now neglect,
She cannot live on Pity or Respect ;
A thought so mean wou'd her whole Love annoy,
Less than your Love she scorns, Sir, to enjoy.

Let me not live on dull Indifference,
But give me rage enough to make me die :
For if from you I needs must meet my Fate,
Before your Pity, I wou'd chuse your Hate.

MENACLES to MEMPHIA; or,
A Poem,

In answer to the foregoing, &c.

Madam,

WHat makes you of your Fate complain ?
What makes you write to me in such a strain ?
If ye're deceiv'd, it is not by my Cheat ;
For all Disguises are below the Great.
What Man or Woman upon Earth can can say
I ever us'd 'em well above a Day ?
How is it then, that I unconstant am ?
He changes not, he always is the same.
In my dear self I center every thing ,
My Servants, Friends, my Mistress, and my King ;
Nay, Heaven and Earth to that one point I bring :
Well-manner'd, Honest, Generous and Stout,
(Names by dull Fools to plague Mankind found out)
Shou'd I regard, I must my self constrain ;
And 'tis my Maxim to avoid all pain.
You fondly look for what none e'er cou'd find,
Deceive your self, and then call me unkind ;
And by false Reasons wou'd my falshood prove,
For tis as natural to change as love :
You may as justly at the Sun repine,
Because alike it does not always shine.
No glorious thing was ever at a stay,
My Blazing-Star but visits, and away ;

As

As fatal too, it shines as those i'th' Skies,
 'Tis never seen but some kind Female dies.
 The boasted Favour you so precious hold,
 To me's no more than changing of my Gold ;
 Whate'er you gave, I paid you back in Bliss,
 And where's the Obligation, pray, in this ?
 If heretofore you found Grace in my Eyes,
 Be thankful for it, and let that suffice ;
 But Women, Beggar-like, still haunt the door
 Where they've receiv'd a Charity before.
 O, happy Sultan ! whom we barbarous call,
 How much art thou refin'd above us all,
 Who envies not the Joys of thy Serail :
 Thee like some God the trembling Croud adore,
 Each Man's thy Slave, each Woman is thy W —
 Methinks I see thee underneath a Shade
 Of golden Canopy supinely laid ;
 Thy crouding Slaves all silent as the Night,
 But at thy Nod, all active as the Light.
 Secure in sordid sloth, thou there dost reign,
 And feel'st the Joys of Love without the Pain ;
 Each Female courts thee with a willing Eye,
 Whilst thou with awful Pride walk'st careless by ;
 Till your kind Pledge marks out the charming Dame
 You fancy most to quench your present flame ;
 Then she submissive from your Arms retires,
 And thankful for that Grace, no more requires :
 No loud Reproach, nor fond unwelcome Sound
 Of Women's Tongues your calmer Ears does wound.
 If any do, a nimble Mute strait ties
 The true Love-knot, and stops her foolish Cries.
 Thou fear'st no injur'd Kinsman's threatening Blade,
 Nor Midnight Ambushes by Rivals laid ;
 Whilst here with aching hearts our Joys we taste,
 Disturb'd by Swords, like *Dimocles's* Feast,
 And scarce in the enjoyment can have rest.

Advice to a Dejected Lover.

A Poem.

HOW now brave Swain! Why art thou thus cast
 Can *Amarillis* Scorn, or Angry frown? (down?
 The gay, the witty, and the bold destroy,
 And cut his days off in Abortive Joy;
 Make sullen Grief sit on his manly face,
 And black Despair in his great Soul take place,
 And to the Noble faculties give chase:
 Brooding a thousand Monsters in a brest,
 Which lately was a Stranger to unrest,
 Calm as the Seas where *Halcyons* build their Nest:
 For shame rouse up, consider well the cause,
 The worthless Reason, prithee *Strepson* pause,
 And be advis'd, consider 'tis a Woman,
 A thing that was for Mankind made in common,
 Though fatal to the first that e'er enjoy'd,
 And since more fatal Millions has destroy'd;
 But if you will go on, more calmly move,
 Be braver in your Courtship, bold in Love;
 She is a Woman, and she may be won,
 The best of Women was but made for Man:
 By your Dejection she more Pow'r does gain,
 And Tyrant like promotes her Captive's pain,
 Glories to think she can so proudly reign.
 Make her believe at least your Soul's call'd back,
 Pants after Fame, no Language else can speak;
 But why shou'd he dissemble who ne'er knew
 Upon what Wings dissimulation flew,
 When half the World she to her Party drew?
 But then your self if she your suit despise,
 The Charmer and her Charms no longer prize,
 View unconcern'd the Lightning of her Eyes;
 Smile when she smiles, frown when she frowns, and be
 From her weak Chains for ever after free.

C

A Pa-

A Pastoral Dialogue between Damon and Celia, or the Mutual Accusation.

Celia, **Y**OU have forgot then *Damon* your protest.

Dam. **Y** No, I have not *Celia*, 'tis confess;

Cel. But yet I saw you slide

A Garland neatly ty'd,

Into *Uranias*'s hand, let that suffice,

Though love be Blind, Lovers have many Eyes.

Dam. Can you appear so strangely full of Passion,

Cel. Have I not cause to fear, dissembled Love's in

Dam. Then why did you I pray (fashion.

With *Doris* Sport and play,

You kiss'd and danc'd 'till day was past it's prime,

And all the while my Heart did beat the Time.

Cel. May I not dance, or harmlessly be Kiss'd?

Dam. As well I may give Garlands where I list:

Cel. But when you are so free,

Methinks you steal from me:

For every Lover will this Text approve,

There's Charity in all things, but in Love.

Dam. That day the Storm did fall,--to be true you

Cel. When the Sun shin'd again, (swore

You did vow much more.

Dam. Those faithful Vows I made,

Were by your self betray'd;

For I have learn'd to know it is my due,

To be no constanter in Love than you.

Cel. Come, come no more! we both will constant

Cast Jealousie aside, and take up Love. (prove

Dam. If so, let's haste to make all sure, Bed-Wed;

For wrangling Lovers love best when in Bed.

The Appointment.

A Poem.

Phil. **T**His is the Place, the Way, I thought it long,
 And my slow pace did my Affections wrong;
 For who is he that wou'd not wing his haste,
 When by *Dorinda's* Eyes he shall be Grac'd?
 The lovely Shepherdess that can intral
 A thousand Hearts, and them her Captives call,
 By right of Conquest: nay, her killing Eyes
 Are such no Armour can resist their Rays.
 Those Eyes that perfectly two Suns present,
 When the large Skies with one must be content;
 The Colour of her Lips, the budding Rose,
 Or Rubies in their Richest Pride outshins.
 Her Face a Beauty wears, that might intice
 The first made Man, when Lord of Paradise.
 The Lambs are fatter that by Her are fed,
 And all her Ewes more frequently do breed,
 Than any Shepherds, yielding every year
 A larger Fleece than any others bear;
 As if she brought a Miracle to pass,
 Fed them more with her Looks, than with the Grass.
 If then she'll dain, when I with others stand
 To beg the favour from her Eyes and Hand,
 To cast on me a gentle Glance or Smile,
 And so my Fears and Cares with hope beguile;
 How shall I swell with Joy, my heart will be
 Taught then the Sence of true Felicity.
 But soft---methinks from yonder Grove I hear,
 Voices that are familiar to my Ear;
 Shall I stay here, or fly to meet the sound?
 It may be Her's that gave my heart the wound:
 'Twas Her Command that this shou'd be my Post,
 But hark---the Voice is louder---whilst I boast
 My strict Obedience, She perhaps is lost.

Some rude Swain, imbolden'd by the Place,
 May force my Angel to his Damn'd Embrace.
 Ha ! that known Scritch must needs be hers, with speed
 Thither I'll haste, and if my fears succeed,
 If any dare but touch her with a thought,
 My Anger gives him Death for what he sought.
 I'll heap such Vengeance on his Cursed Head,
 That all the World shall say it's well He's dead.

[*Goes out and returns.*]

The sound deceiv'd my Ear, it was not she,
 But Rural Lasses with their Swains more free ;
 Yet in their Frolicks seem'd not to agree.
 So blushing Virgins that are early led
 To taste the Joys of a kind Marriage Bed,
 Feign some unwillingness, seem to retire,
 From Pleasures that their Souls so much desire :
 But— see my Saint approaches through the Grove,
 She casts a Beam bright as the Queen of Love ; —
 Fairest of all the Sun's large Beams surround,
 For this great Favour, bending to the Ground,
 A thousand Thanks your Shepherd does return,
 And witness all you Fires that nightly burn,
 And stud *Cerulean* Skies with Seeds of Light,
 If in my Soul Love's Flame shine not as bright ;
 Yet burns in Pain, and endless must endure,
 Unless you—fair Physician make the Cure.

Oneone. O ! Rise my Shepherd, for your Pain I'm
 And if by me your Smart can be reliev'd, (griev'd,
 My Honour sav'd, I'll yield to your Demand,
 And as a Pledge of this give you my Hand :
 But if beyond you ask, I must be mute,
 Not understanding, but reject your Suit.

Pha. O ! Let not such a Thought possess my Fair,
 My Kind, my Lovely, my Inchanting Dear,
 Whose awful Virtue carries such a Dread,
 As shou'd a Ravisher attempt, 'twou'd strike him dead :

Believe

Believe me fair One, chaff is every Thought
Of which the feverish Passion of Mind is wrought,
As those into the World by Infants brought.

Ono. Then cease vain Fears; send Cares to Banish-
My Heart is Conquer'd, and to Love I'm bent; (ment,
As far as Honour will submit I do,

Pha. Then at this Shrine I'll ever pay my Vow.
The Joy's so great, so much surprising is,
Methinks I taste of Everlasting Bliss;
Transported thus, I ever here cou'd gaze,

Ono. Pray be more Calm, Danger's bred delays :
We have not reach'd the Height at which Love aims,
A *Phoenix* soonest dies in her own Flames :
And Lovers when to Extasie they grow,
Urge envious Fortune to their overthrow.

Pha. Fortune's too feeble to anticipate,
Thus bless'd we are above the reach of Fate:
Methinks we sit on Clouds, and pity throw
Upon the moiling World that lies below;
So happy that beyond it none I'd know.

--The Surprise--or, True Friendship.

A Poem.

Enters Philander alone, &c.

Phil. **L**ong have I mourn'd, and yet have no relief
Because she knows not of my killing Grief:
Long have I lov'd, and have no Love yet shown,
For why, I dare not make my Sorrows known;
I fear disdain more than the slaughtering King,
At Death's approach I cou'd glad Triumphs sing.
Were I but sure she'd drop a Tear and own
She pity'd me thus by my Love undone;
But Ah——shou'd I with frowns be Thunder-struck,
Shou'd the fierce Lightning of her Eyes unlock

With not to be resisted fire my Breast,
And let my Soul out, it cou'd find no Rest.

[*Enters Primenio his Friend who
had over-heard his Passion.*

Pri. No longer hide these sorrows from your friend,
But breath them in my Breast, there let them end.
Friends that by Bonds as strong as Death are ty'd,
Shou'd nothing by the Laws of Friendship hide;
Where Souls intwin'd are, thoughts shou'd move more
United Hearts and Bodies one shou'd be; (free,
One Labouring of Mind shou'd each possess,
Sorrows divided like a stream grows less:
Say, is it Love---Alas! it is too plain,
Dull Eyes, short sighs, hot breath no less proclaim:
Speak, speak my Friend what Goddess must she be,
That cou'd the Mighty Conquest gain o'er Thee?

Phil. Primenio, spare me by your Friendships ties,
By all those Bonds, by all those tender Joys:
That knit and nurst our Souls in during Love,
Like that of Saints in fellowship above:
Forbear to search a wound that inward bleeds;
Which as it is, all Pain on Earth exceeds.

Prim. How can I claim in Friendship the least share,
Or think at all you for my friendship care;
If I desist to tender you relief,
Or you refuse to let me know your grief?

Phil. In other Cases all my Breast I'd bare,
But dearest Friend, in this, the wretch'd spare:
Who wou'd be private---

Prim. Then the Cause is Love.

Phil. Seek not from me the secret to remove;
Endure I must, yet you e'er this had known
My Torture's cause, had my Heart been my own;
But 'tis not mine, nor moves it at my will,
A greater Pow'r it's tender Orb do's fill, (still;
And there must reign till th' wheels of Life stand

Prim.

Prim. What makes you tremble then, and grudge
If destin'd by your Stars, you must obey. (the sway?)

Phil. There is a mighty cause---so you will say,
When you know, Phoenix-like, in flames I fry,
And she who kindl'd them (for whom I dye)
Is ignorant my Fate shot from her Eye. (Death,

Prim. O! where's that Courage then as bold as
Which late like a destroying Angel's breath
Scatter'd it's way with Ruin, fam'd in Wars;
Yet nobly brave, as melting Conquerors.

Phil. Alas! 'tis sunk--- Against the pointed flame
Of Beauty, who e're yet durst War Proclaim?
Or if he durst, he still was foil'd with Shame:
Forc'd to surrender, and his Trophies yield.

Prim. Yet 'tis too tame methinks to quit the field
Without a stroak - make one bold Test and try,
Parley at least--her mercy may run high;
It may be Peace---At last you can but die.

Phil. Fain wou'd I venture; but alas, how near
Is Love to Impotence? what mighty fear
Is it's Attendant? not the timerous Hare. (sc'd.)
Shakes more when by the loud-mouth'd Hounds pur-
Nor in the Lyons Paws the Hart subdu'd,
Before his Jaws are in his blood imbru'd:
Have half the fear of Lovers, who with sighs,
Ghost-like still wander where their Treasure lyes,
Look wishfully, make sigus, yet cannot speak, (break.
Though with the mighty secret swell'd, their Bosom

Prim. Yet you may breath your grief fearless to me,
Into my Soul, and tell what beautious she
The mighty Conquest made--whose Slave you be.
Friendship commands as much--nay, 'tis some ease
To be disburden'd so--Rivers thus rowl to Seas--
And there are lost.

Phil. This I must own,
And tell you that *Dorinda* rules the Throne.

Queen of my thoughts she sits---her large command
To both the Poles of my Affection stand,
And o'er my Soul her vast Dominion does expand.

Prim. *Dorinda*---What, my Sister!--Can it be?

Phil. Too sadly true---*Primenio*, it is she,
The fair *Dorinda*, beautiful as Light,
Whose Eyes bid distance to the shades of Night :
And when all Stars are clouded they shine bright.

Dorinda, in whose face all Beauties meet,
Where with a winning Pomp the Graces greet.
But O! the Beauty of her Soul is more,
What Gale of Breath can drive me to that shoar,
What Angel tell the Riches there in store.

Prim. *Philander* be your self--these Raptures spare,
Dorinda must not claim them as her share.

Phil. She must and ever be Immortal fair :
O that she wou'd like some kind God look down,
And smile me but a Joy-----

Prim. Why, she's your own.
Grieve then no more, her flame burns bright as yours,
She the same Fever, the same Pain endures.

Phil. O! Flatter not your Friend, raise him not so
That he may fall alas in deeper woe,
As distant Thunder gives the greatest blow.

Prim. Fear not---I have the secret of her Breast
Amidst a thousand sighs and Groans express;
Whilst faint she cry'd, *Philander*, give me Rest.
Ah---pity me, *Dorinda* for you dyes;
With that a Sea of Tears burst from her Eyes.

Phil. Can this be true?

Prim. By all that's good it is-----

Phil. Then thus---I fly to meet my boundless Bliss.

*The true Lovers Happiness: Or,
The Reward of Constancy.*

A Dialogue between Celia and Damon.

The Argument.

*The Tender Blessing of a faithful Love,
A Satisfaction do's to Lovers prove :
Gives them the happiness they did expect,
And links their hearts to what they most affect ;
Which here is evident : at last both find
What they desir'd, and prove extreemly kind.*

Cel. **I**Njurious Charmer of my vanquish'd heart,
Canst thou feel Love, and yet no pity know,
Since of my self with thee I cannot part,
Lavent some gentler way to let me go :

For what with Joy thou didst obtain,
And I with more did give ;
In time will make thee false and vain,
And me unfit to live.

Dam. Frail Angel that won'dst leave a heart forlorn,
With vain Pretence falshood therein might lye,
Seek not to cast wide shadows o'er your scorn,
You cannot sooner change than I can die.

To tedious Life I'll never fall,
Thrown from thy dear loved breast ;
He merits not to live at all,
Who cares to live unblest. (vade,

Cel. Such were your words when first you did In-
Upon your Lips the soft temptation hung,
That has almost undone a yielding Maid,
By list'ning to your smooth deluding Tongue:

But I'll find out a way to ease,
If you refuse to cure ;

To baffle Love there are more ways
Than Death, or to endure.

Dam. What proofs of mighty Love have I not shown?
When has Inconstancy o're me prevail'd,
Thou cruel fair One? what have I not done?
In what my dear *Camilla* have I fail'd?

But still your Eyes bid me despair,
Your Actions speak no less;
Your Tongue indeed allays my fear,
Yet keeps me from my bliss.

Cel. Too soon to trust deluding Man, is known
A fatal oversight, and does destroy
Our budding hopes e're they are fully blown,
And gives our Infant-love a short-liv'd Joy:

For when we think in softest chains
Our Charms have bound them fast;
The Man that most of all complains,
Can Love's weak fetters cast.

(loose

Dam. Scorn and Contempt indeed have Pow'r to
The Nets of Beauty ty'd with crafty smiles:
For who wou'd a continued torment prove
For ever to be baited in the Toiles.

As softest kindness still does stay
The head-strong Lover's fate,
So Cruelty prepares the way
For Lovers to retreat.

Cel. Pretence of Cruelty Men make to shade
Their falshood and inconstancy, when they
Our yielding Virtues have too far betray'd,
And seek to turn their hearts another way:

Then, and but then you do complain,
We scorn, we shun, we fly;
And that they serve us but in vain,
For nought but Cruelty.

Dam. Mistake not fairest, to whose brighter Eyes
I pay Devotion, and am made a slave:

No

No Star to me shines brighter in the Skies,
No other Beauty I on Earth wou'd have.

To tedious Life I'll never fall,
Thrown from thy dear loved breast;
He merits not to live at all,
Who cares to live unblest.

Cel. To try your Constancy it was I stay'd
So seemingly regardless of your pain;
But since a proof sufficient you have made,
Enjoy *Cammilla*, and be blest again.

Dam. Then let our flaming hearts be joy'd
Whilst in that Sacred fire,
E'er thou prove false, or I unkind,
Together both Expire——

[*Exeunt.*]

*The Contemplation of Vanity, or,
The Decay of Virtue.*

WHAT Pleasures can the gaudy World afford?

What true delights has Teeming Nature stor'd
In her great Ware-house where she lays her Treasure?
Alas, 'tis all the shadow of a Pleasure.

No true Content in all her works are found,
No solid Joys did e'er on Earth abound:

Then labouring Man do's toil himself in vain,
Eagerly grasping what creates his pain.

How false and feeble, nay scarce worth a name
Are Riches, Honour, Pow'r and noisy Fame?

Yet 'tis for these Men wade through Seas of Blood,
And bold in Mischief, storm to be withstood.

Which when obtain'd, breed but stupendious care,
And Parents are of Jealousie and Fear.

No beam of Comfort, not a Ray of Light

Shines thence to guide us through eternal Night:

But

But left in devious darkness, there we stray,
 And find they lose us in an endless way.
 Virtue's the solid Good of heav'nly birth,
 Creating ev'n Felicity on Earth;
 Though Men condemn her ways and put her by,
 Make War against her as an Enemy,
 Because their dearer Lusts she dare controul,
 And set a boundard to the madding Soul;
 Therefore in Garments poor she most appears,
 And sometimes scarcely any Garment wears:
 Shunn'd by the Proud, and by the Worldling crost,
 Urg'd to be gone, and wish'd for ever lost,
 Yet is she loath to leave the wretched Coast;
 But in disguise does here and there intrude,
 Striving to conquer black Ingratitude,
 And boldly ventures between whiles to shine,
 Breathing an Air that speaks her all divine;
 Yet clouded oft' it like the Lightning plays,
 Losing as soon as seen it's pointed Rays——
 Which scarceness makes those that are weak in Wit,
 For Virtue's self, admire the Counterfeit:
 With which false Hypocrites the World delude,
 As men on *Indians* glass for Gems intrude;
 Because they are unknowing, wild and rude.
 This gives more grief to the celestial Maid
 To have her honour basely so betray'd,
 And to her charge a spurious offspring lay'd.
Astrea like, it makes her doubtful stand,
 To see Inroachments on her small command;
 Poising the Scale, as if her Mind was driven
 To leave the Earth, and only keep to Heaven.

Mon.

*Monsieur Galliard, or, the Humours of the
French Dancing-Master.*

In a Dialogue between him, Gulielmus and Julia.

Gall. **B**Y my fat and trot it be very much strange
that me must wait at tis rate--but me be con-
tented to have a little Patience, and de rater because
me have seen the finest Sport in the Varld--Me come
to de great Man to day, me make de Reverance Ala-
mode il faut, and he return me de strangest Sir-reve-
rence de tird time dat ever me saw.

Gul. Why, Monsieur, you ought to bear with one de-
fect, seeing every body has not the activity of your
feet.

Gall. By my fat 'tis very estrange a ting dat they
vil suffer a de Man to be near a de King, near a de
Queen, dey vil marr-a de understanding very much.

Gul. Why Monsieur, as I take it, the understand-
ing lies not in the Foot, but in the Head, &c.

Gall. Begar you shall de excuse a me for de Cour-
tier alamode dere de vit lie in de Foot: Begar dere
is no body can be a Eisewan dat dos not make a de
most Excellent Reverence that is most certain--dat
is de best ting in the hole Varld.

Gul. But can you imagine the Worthies of the
World studied the Liberal Sciences of the Foot, or
the puissant Toe?

Gall. Me no believe dey did, but me tink, and am
very vel assured, dat make 'em all die de unfortunate;
for if dey had tink but a de Sir Reverence, dey might
alive a great a vile longer.

Gul. I confels the Wisdom of it; but for the Wit,
Monsieur, can you imagine that lies there?

Gall. Dat

Gal. Dat be a de best vit can be possible, for your vit yat is it? your vit is to break a de Jest. Dat is like dat a my Lor, dat is like dat a de Knight, dat is like dat a de Gentlehome Ha-ha-ha, dere is now one two tree very good Jestis in making a de Sir Reverence, dat make a me sick wid de Laugh--and begar me make a de Page, a de Lackey, and all a de fools in de hole Town make a de Jest very Quick, for dat a be very noting.

Gul. Not to any purpose, Monsieur.

Gall. By my fat and trot me speak to de King and to de Queen to make a de Patten, dat none do teach a de Alderman to make a de Reverence but moy self; and me vil undertake dat wid in a Twelvemont (but den dey must do noting else) dey shall make a de Reverence wid de Aldermen in de *Paris*, and Dance a Coran, a Cerebran, a Montague, and dat vil be very fine.

Gul. But what shall the Affairs wherewith they are intrusted, do the mean time, Monsieur?

Gall. Is not dis a very great Affair?--Why, dis be very mush Affair, be it not? nay, me vil undertake to de King and to de Queen, to make a my Lor Maire, de Sheriffs, and de Aldermen very fine Mask.

Gul. And to write it too?

Gall. Ah, de write, dat is noting al-a-mode---your speech two, tree yard long, dshaw give me a de Quick a de Spirit, de Quick a de Fancy, de brave Scene, de varietie of de Antimosk, de nimble a de foot--no matter de sens, begar it vol be de brave ting in de Christian Varld.

Gul. Very well, Sir,

Gall. Nay, me ha like a de forgot one ting--by my trot if wee have a noder Patten for de Council Learned in de Law, to teach a dem de Reverence--dat vil be very great vark, yet moy tilligence and skill in dat a de matter have no dispaire to effect it in very mush time, and dat vil make a de Law flourish, and *England*, braye *England*, me warrant de.

Gul.

Gul. And what will you look for in Requitall for such an undertaking.

Gall. Begar me look for very mush, 'tis mush pain, and 'tis brave ting; beside me look for de Statue de Brass in de Pallace-yard, when me go out of dis Varle.

[*Enters to them Mrs. Julia.*

Julia. Your Servant, Monsieur--

Gall. Begar me no like a dat Reverence, me vil chang dat

Julia. 'Tis the French fashion you taught me, Monsieur.

Gall. Oy 'tis de French fashoon----but de French fashoon be always to change, and dis Reverence displeas a me very mush, because you go back vid your buttock, as if som body vod take you by dat vat me vil give no name--Me tell you trange ting, and me tell you no tale--'tis great matter to make a de Lor, to make a de Lady, to make a de Gentlehome, to make a de Gentlewoman, and de Autermen, to Dance, and to make a de boon Reverence; for begar dat vil make a de King de greatest King in de Varle.

Gul. How Sir! --'tis impossible that shou'd have such Power and Efficacy.

Gall. Not at all me tell you--ven dey are so busy to Learn a de Dance dey vil never tink of de Rebellion, and den de Reverence is Obedience to Monarchie, and begar Obedience is all de ting in de varle.

Julia. But Monsieur, what Musick would you govern the People by?

Gall. Why begar by French Fiddles, de best dat can be got.

Gul. What think you of an Irish Harp, a State Organ, or a Passionate Voice to a Lute?

Gall. Des be dull tings--make a de men Melancholique, and den dey tink on de Devil de Treason, and do any ting dat is no good--but des French Fiddles

de

do fiddle all des tings out of deir Heads, vid a Jerk, as my foy---make a dem so fantastical, dat dey vil prove as good Subjects as any in *France*. Begar--- but me can no stay longer, me have auter business vid de Lor and de Lady dat have de use of moy Fot.

Julia. Nay, Monsieur, you must not go yet by any means.

Gall. 'Tis no good you hold me---Begar me no stay two Minutes to save a your Soul---dat is de Resolution of de Cavalier de *France*--- Adieu, Madam; Serviteur Gentlehome—— [Exit Monsieur.

Julia. Wou'd any man believe there shou'd be so much Folly in this Cubit-square?

Gul. Do but think he's a French Dancing-Master, and the Wonder will cease—— [Exeunt.

The false Shepherd rejected: A Pastoral Dialogue between Tharsis and Celia.

Tharsis. **C**elia come hither, why are you so coy?

Celia. Because ye're false, and wou'd my famed

Thar. You cannot think it, when did I e'er prove (stroy.

False or unconstant where I profess'd Love?

Cel. When did your heart and tongue in consort joyn?

Mongst other Maiden-spoils you'd fain place mine.

Thar. Let no such thoughts possess fair *Celia*'s mind,

To her I ne'er was false, nor ne'er design'd

Any thing less than ever to be kind.

Cel. But you to others have as much profess,

And yet drew back——

Thar. Then you above the rest

Have pow'r to conquer, and make me your Prize;

Why shou'd you shun the Captives of your Eyes,

When at your Feet a Victor conquer'd lies?

Cel. But he that once can break his Vows, will ne'er

Be true again, what ere he say or swear:

He

He that with Oaths so eas'ly can dispence,
 We ought to think his words but meer pretence.
Thar. Hard fate of Mankind--an ill Name to gain;
 But *Celia*, prithee trust your amorous Swain;
 Fear not but he'll be kind--nay, I can give
 Reasons why I *Dorinda* did deceive;
 And why *Florella* so soon lost my heart.
Cel. The same of me you'll to the World impart;
 Nay, justlier may upbraid me, since I knew
 What I must trust to, yet durst venture you;
 Therefore false Man--Adieu--I'll hear no more.
Thar. I'll to another then, for I have store.

*Love's Misfortune; or, the unhappy Disappoint-
 ment.* A Poem

ONE Day the amorous *Lysander*,
 By impatient Passion sway'd,
 Surpriz'd fair *Doris*, that lov'd Maid,
 Who cou'd defend her self no longer;
 All things did with his Love conspire.
 The gilded Planet of the day,
 In his gay Chariot drawn by Fire,
 Was just descending to the Sea,
 And left no Light to guide the Work,
 But what from *Doris* Eyes was hurl'd.
 In a lone Thicket made for Love,
 Silent as yielding Maids consent,
 She with a charming Languishment
 Permits his force, yet gently strove,
 Her hand his Bosome softly meet;
 But not to put him back design'd,
 Rather to draw him on inclin'd,
 Whilst he lay trembling at her feet,
 Resistance 'tis too late to shew
 She wants the Pow'r to say, Ah! What d'ye do?

Her

Her bright Eyes sweet, and yet severe,
 Where Love and Shame confus'dly strive,
 Fresh vigor to *Lysander* give;
 And whisp'ring softly in his ear,
 She cry'd, cease—cease—your vain desire,
 Or I'll call out; what wou'd you do!

My dearer honour even to you,
 I cannot—must not give retire.

Or take that Life whose chiefest part
 I gave you with the conquest of my heart.

But he as much unus'd to fear,
 As he was capable of Love

The blessed moment to Improve:
 Kisses her Lips, her Neck and Hair,
 Each touch his new desires Alarms:

His burning trembling hand he prest
 Upon her melting snowey Breast,
 Whilst she lay panting in his Arms,
 All her unguarded Beauties lye,
 The Spoils and Trophies of the Enemy.

And now without respect or fear,
 He seeks the object of his Vows,

It's Love no Modesty allows:
 By swift degrees advancing where
 His daring hand that Altar seiz'd,
 Where Gods of Love do Sacrifice
 That awful Throne, that Paradise,
 Where Rage is tam'd, and Anger pleas'd;
 The living Fountain, from whose trills

The melted Soul in balmy Love distills:

Her Ruby Lips incount'ring his,
 In sweetest union were combin'd;

Where both in transports unconfin'd
 Extend themselves upon the Moss,

Doris half dead and breathless lay,
 Her Eyes appear'd like humid Light,

Such

Such as divides the Day and Night :
Or falling Stars whose fires decay :
And now no sign of Life she shows,
But what in short breath'd Sighs, returns and goes.

He saw how she Expanded lay,
He saw her rising Bosom bare ;
Her loose thin Robes through which appear
A shape design'd for Love and Play :

Abandon'd by her Pride and Shame,
She does her softest sweets dispense,
Offering her Virgin Innocence,
A Victim to Loves potent flame ;
Whilst th' o're-ravish'd Shepherd lyes
Unable to perform the Sacrifice.

Ready to taste a thousand Joys,
The too transported hapless Swain
Found the vast Pleasure turn'd to Rain :
Pleasure which too much love destroys,

The willing Garment by he laid,
And Heaven all open to his view ;
Mad to possess, himself he threw
On the defenceless lovely Maid :

But oh ! what envious Fates conspire
To snatch his Pow'r, yet leave him the desire.
Natures support, without whose Aid

She can no humane Being give,
It self now wants the Art to live :
Faintless it's slackn'd Nerves invade ;

In vain the Inrag'd Youth essays,
To call his fleeting Vigour back,
No motion 'twill from motion take,
Excess of Love is Love betray'd :

In vain he toils, in vain commands,
Th' insensible fell weeping in his hands
In this so Am'rous cruel strife,

Where

Where Love and Fate were too severe ;

The poor *Lysander* in despair,
Renounc'd his Reason with his Life :

Now all the brisk and active Fire
That shou'd the nobler Part inflame,
And left no spark for new desire ;
Not all her naked Charms cou'd move,
Or calm that Rage that had destroy'd his Love.

Doris returning from the Trance
Which Love and soft Desire had bred,

Her timorous hand she gently laid,
Or guided by Delign or Chance,

Upon the fabulous *Priapus*,
That potent God, as Poets sing :

But never did young Shepherdess
Gathering of Flow'rs upon the Plain,

To make a Garland for her Swain,
More nimbly draw her Fingers back——

Fiding beneath their verdent Leaves a Snake.

Then *Doris* her fair hand withdrew,
Finding that prop of her Desires,

Disarm'd of his powerful Fires,
And cold as Flow'rs bath'd in the Morning-dew :

Who can the Nymphs confusion guess ?
The Blood forsook the kinder place,

And strew'd with Blushes all her Face ;
Which doth Disdain and Shame express.

And from *Lysander's* Arms she fled,
Leaving him panting on his gloomy Bed,

Like Lightning through the Grove she hies,
As *Daphne* from the Delphick God ;

No Print upon the grassy Road,
She leave t'instruct pursuing Eyes :

The Wind that wanton'd in her hair,
And with her ruff'd Garments play'd,

Discover'd in the flying Maid

All that e'er Nature made of fair :
 So *Venus* when her Love was slain,
 With fear and haste flew o're the fatal Plain,
 The Nymphs Resentments none but I
 Can well imagine or condole;
 Yet none can guess *Lysander's* Soul,
 But those who sway'd his Destiny :
 His silent grief swell'd up to Storms,
 And nothing now his Fury spares ;
 He banns his Birth, his Fate, his Stars,
 But more the Shepherdess's Charms,
 Whose soft bewitching Influence
 Had damn'd him to the depth of Impotence.

Acrosticks on the Names of

I n all (fair Maiden) you are made compleat ;
 S oft charming Beauties still attend your State ;
 A rm'd yet with Awe, severe against the Rude,
 B ut kind and mild to those you have subdu'd :
 E mprels of hearts you are, for there you sway,
 L ong may you rule, and may the World obey.

 S ince you so gently shed your influence,
 A nd fill with Joy where you your Smiles dispence ;
 N o Cruelty you use, nor from your Eyes
 D art proud Disdain, nor can you tyrannize :
 R eason 'tis then your Virtues Men exalt,
 E xcuse for your dear sake your Sex's fault ;
 T ell to the World what is but rarely known,
 A rt, Wisdom, Wit, and Beauty joyn'd in one.

 E asie it is for me to say you're Fair ,
 L ovely, and virtuous, far beyond compare,
 I njurious unto none, but good to all,
 S tor'd with those Blessings that we happy call ;

I this with ease can say, but when to mind,
A h me ! I call, how you by Vows confin'd,

A re to a single life, renouncing Love ;
'T is then the Tyrant Grief his strength does prove
I figh to think such Beauty must be lost,
M ore valuable than the *Indian Coast* ;
E nvy so fair a Creature unemploy'd,
S hou'd leave the World, when made to be enjoy'd
I magine then some way to ease my Pain,
A ll Vows 'gainst Nature's Laws no force retain.

M adam, your Eyes Di'monds to me appear,
A nd your fair Cheeks Roses and Lillies are ;
R ubies your Lips, your Teeth are Orient Pearl,
J acynths your Breasts, your Hair the Amber Curl,
A ll else does Alabaster whiteness show,

S ave one small Spot, dear Madam, that's below.
I n every part of you rich Beauty lies,
R are in each part you take my wondring Eyes,
E ach part has Charms than can a Heart surprize ;
N ature was prodigal when you was made,
A nd lavish'd all the stock of Beauty that she had.

A rt need not set you off, for in your Face
R oses and Lillies strive which shou'd take place,
A nd show that native Beauty is the best ;
B eauty that's borrow'd will not stand the Test :
E ach Wind or Sun-shine that's intemperate,
L eaves the Mock-females that dō use the Cheat,
A scorn to such as but too plainly see't.

B less Nature then, that she has gi'n you store
O f Beauty that compels us to adore ;
N ot borrow'd, but your own Beauty by Art,
A snare too weak is long to hold a Hear.

Dear Innocence, you little know your Pow'r;
In Sighs I spend the day in some sad Bow'r,
And now and then let fall a tear or two;
Nor can Night ease the pain I undergo;
Ah me! what must I do the cause to let you know.

Shou'd I divulge, it might fill you with fears,
Yet never please your too too tender years.
Must I then stay till you to ripeness grow?
I wou'd, if then I thought you'd favour show;
Let me consider---yes, it must be so;
I'll do't, and let my Flame in secret burn,
And if at last despis'd die by your scorn.

Cast, cast an Eye upon a Love-sick Swain
Lying all pensive on the dusty Plain.
O! pity him that to himself severe,
Rais'd up his Eyes when *Cloris* you drew near;
In hopes some vulgar Shepherdess 't had been
Sent to recal me to my Flocks agen;

Detain'd from which by business long I stay'd,
Ah me! but found I was deceiv'd, betray'd;
My sight you dazl'd, to my Soul gave fire,
Infever'd all my Blood with strange desire;
And Death comes next, unless you Life inspire.

Single Anacrosticks, &c.

Prepare to rise, the Day dawns from the East,
Aurora ope's her Gates, and to the West
Rays tipt with Gold, as swift as Love shafts fly,
To light you to the Temple, all the Sky
Honours the Day that must your Marriage see;
Each Bird sings Spousals---haste my Bride, then haste,
No drowsiness shou'd these dear Minutes waste:
In Joy let's wrap our thoughts that transports breed,
And Everlasting Pleasures shall succeed.

P atience

P atience, dear Mistress, and the Day will come,
 E ndure a while, *Ulysses* will come home;
 N orth-winds conspire as yet to keep him out.
 E arth, Sea, Air, Fire contend his Fleet, to rout,
 L et not these yet dismay thee, he will ride
 O 're waring Billows, Virtue is his Guide:
 P atience in Love declares a strength of Mind,
 E xactly poiz'd, and neither way inclin'd.

S hall I still languish ?--- must I pine away,
 A nd ne'er be blest, ne'er see the happy Day ?
 R esolve, dear Saint, to let our Loves once joyn,
 A nd give us transports near to those divine,
 H eal with your Heart the wounds you make in mine

A m I deceiv'd, fair Mistress, can't you love ?
 N othing ! can nothing your Affections move ?
 N ature, consider, made you not for this,
 A tryal of fresh Charms create fresh Bliss.

R emember, fair One you was made for Man,
 A nd are imperfect till with him you joyn :
 C onsider that but half your self you are,
 H alf till with Man the other half you share :
 A llure him then with your bewitching Eyes,
 E ach glance of yours can Marble-hearts surprize ;
 L ook out whilst Beauty lasts, love and be wife.

L et it suffice your Virtues gain Applause,
 E nvy no more prevails. — The mighty Cause
 O f all your Sufferings Virtue still will shine ;
 N o Star's more bright, nothing is more divine :
 O 're casting Mists its lustre long can't shroud,
 R ays will dart forth, and pierce the thickest Cloud
 A n Ark it is when Winds and Waves grow loud.

Each word you speak does seem a Sentence grave,
 Learning and Beauty your Protection crave;
 In either justly you Perfection boast,
 Season'd in Youth, your years have nothing lost:
 Arts too, of every kind upon you wait,
 Be kind, as y're accomplish'd good and great,
 Ease a sad Lover's Pain, and give him Peace;
 Those Wounds that with a Frown you did increase,
 Heal with your Smiles, and make my Torments cease.

And thus may you fit an Acrostick to every Name,
 it being no other than making a Verse upon some
 quaint Subject-matter or Fancy, answering to every
 Letter of the Name.

Anagrams are quaint Devices taken from the Letters
 of any Name that will bear them;

As, Facobus Stuart.

Iusta Scrutabor.

James Stuart.

A Just Master.

And upon this the famous Sylvester, in the beginning
 of Dubartus's Divine Week, has commented, &c. viz.

*For a Just Master have I labour'd long,
 To a Just Master have I vow'd my best;
 By a Just Master shall I take no wrong,
 With a Just Master wou'd my life be blest.
 In a Just Master are all Virtues met,
 From a Just Master flows abundant Grace;
 But a Just Master is so hard to get,
 That a Just Master seems a Phoenix Race.
 Yet a Just Master have I found in fine,
 Of a Just Master, if you question this,
 Whom a Just Master I so just define,
 My Leige James Stuart a Just Master is:*

D

And

*And a Fuss Master cou'd my Work deserve,
Such a Fuss Master wou'd I justly serve.*

This way in times of old, was in great Request, but now for the most part rejected, though understood but by a few; as it appeared by a Country-Gentleman, who coming up to *London*, and falling into a Club of the Town-Wits, and Supper being almost ended, one of them who had been tampering upon his Mistress's Name in this way, to shew his Ingenuity, urged the rest, that they might close with a Dish of Anagrams, which the Gentleman not well understanding the Method of it, took it to be a Plate of Tarts that came last to the Table: And returning into the Country, he in a rage turned away his Cook, because in all the time he had been with him, he had not furnished his Table with a Dish of Anagrams, or at least ways forgot to call 'em by their right Name.

CURIOUS

CURIOUS
LETTERS and ANSWERS,
WRITTEN

In the most Elegant Style on sundry
Occasions for Pleasure and Imitation.

*A Letter from a Mother to her Daughter, to perswade her
from rash Marriage.*

Daughter,

AS I have a peculiar Int'rest in you, so it is my
chiefest Care to study that you may be well
provided for in Marriage; and since I hear you en-
tertain many that sollicite you that way, I thought it
became me, though you are at present from under my
Wing, or immediate Jurisdiction, to give you a caution
how you proceed in that great Affair, a business
upon which depends your present and future Felicity
on this side Heaven; and though frequently too ha-
sily undertaken, yet if it fortune unhappy, nothing
remains but an uneasie Life, and a fruitless Repen-
tance; nor is there a Cordial but Death, which proves
at best but sowre and unsavory; therefore let a Mo-
ther's Advice prevail with you not to give credit light-
ly to the Flatteries and Dissimulations of Men, whose
Vows and Protestations for the most part, are valued
no more than common Air, when once they have ob-
tained their Ends; but be wary and cautious in your
Proceedings, that so you may not only be accounted

wife by those that you converse withal, but likewise that may redound to your own advantage, considering that in your Happiness, mine by Sympathy, consists ; and that as a Mother, whose affections cannot dissemble, I shall on all occasions be ready to bear a part with you, according to my strength and ability, as well in Sufferings or Adversity, as in your Advancement and Prosperity : Therefore as you tender an indulgent Mother, and wou'd avoid hastening her steps to the Grave, be cautious in this affair ; and so with my Prayers to Heaven for your Welfare, I remain,

Your tender and loving Mother,

A. B.

The Daughter's Answer to the foregoing Letter.

Dear Mother,

I Have received your Letter, and in all Duty and Obedience, return you my humble and hearty Thanks, in a due acknowledgement of your Care and tender Regard towards me, in being solicitous for my Welfare in the particular of Marriage ; nor shall my Caution therein be wanting to answer your Expectation ; for I very well know the deceitfulness of many pretending Lovers, and have been both warned and armed by the Disasters and unfortunate Examples of too many of our Sex, who have rashly ventured upon a State they are altogether unacquainted with, and by that means failing of the Competency they expected, and seeing too late their Folly, they have become burthensome to themselves and their Relations ; wherefore when I make a choice, and give away my Heart, I shall move in that Affair with such Caution, that I hope neither you nor my self shall have the least cause to repent or repine ; for although I have many Pretenders ; yet none of them shall gain Possess

Possession, till I am well-ascertained I am upon sure Ground. Wherefore intreating you to suppress your Fears of this kind, and ever praying for your Health and Welfare, I assume to subscribe my self, as in Duty bound,

Your most Dutiful and Obedient Daughter,

R. B.

The Young Lover to his Mistress, a Letter, &c.

Dear Mistress,

DId you know how much I am intangled in Love, and what power you have over me, I doubt not but you wou'd look upon me with kinder Eyes. Great indeed has been my diligence to signify it to you, but it seems you were insensible of the Signs and Love-Tokens I made you, which occasion'd my sending this Letter to tell you more plainly that I am desperately smitten ever since I first beheld your fair Eyes, and have often been about to reveal my self by word of Mouth, but was often dashed by the awe of your presence; nay, though I have enforced my self to do it, yet such is the Fate of Lovers, my words could find no Passage, but stuck, as it were, by the way: Wherefore intreating you to look more kindly on me when I come next to your Father's House, that I may have thereby some encouragement to speak for my self, and tell you more of my Mind. I remain,

Dear Mistress,

Your affectionate Servant,

T. C.

The Answer.

Sir,

YOU amaze me not a little to send me a Letter in which you give me to understand you are in Love with me; for how can I otherwise than wonder

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der

der, considering your years, how you shou'd pretend to a matter of so great a moment; but attributing it to your Youth and Unexperience, I shall make the best Construction of your meaning; yet withal conjure you that you trouble not your self to write, nor me to read any more Letters of this kind; for if you do, instead of shewing you more Countenance, I may chance to be angry, and reprove you of Childishness, if not of Folly; wherefore if you expect me to continue any Love towards you, as being my Kinsman, let this be a warning to prevent your flattering your self any further: And so I remain,

Your loving Kinswoman,

A. G.

A Lady to her Inconstant Lover.

Sir,

HAD I thought you had been so much addicted to the Flatteries of your Sex, and that the Falshood and Inconstancy too common amongst Men, could have found a Lodgment in your Breast, common Prudence would have forbid me to have entertained a Snake in my Bosome; but your Vows and Protestations had too great an Influence over my Credulity, and made me easie to be undone by surrendring the Strong-hold of my Affections to a treacherous Pretender to Fidelity: But since it is past Recal, and I for my good Nature am betray'd and left destitute of what I once prized so highly, what now remains but that I lay the blame upon my self, and repine at my weakness, taking care for the future, to stand upon my guard, and be vigilant to keep out any crafty Surprizer, as much as in me lies surpressing my Affections towards you, thereby to lessen the Conquest that has given you power to triumph over me, and be again

my

my self ; so for ever bidding you adieu, I remain, false
Man,

Your irreconcilable and much injured Mistress,

A. P.

*A Passionate Letter from a Gentleman to his Mistress,
whom he had offended.*

Madam,

IF Tears, and Sighs, and the unfeigned Sorrows of a
perplexed and uneasie Mind, can make any Impres-
sion upon your good Nature to pardon my offending
you, if the low Submission and Prostration of a Slave
cast at your feet, can move pity in your tender Breast,
look upon me with Eyes of Compassion, and suffer a
compassionate Relenting to possess your Mind ; let the
former Kindness you was pleased to express towards
me, plead on my behalf, that you wou'd restore me
from Banishment ; That you would once more admit
me to your presence, that there I might obtain the
favour of excusing, or at least of confessing and begging
Pardon for the Crime of which I stand charged before
you ; and as an Expiation thereof, undergo any Pu-
nishment you shall doom me to, except that of being
forbidden to approach the Darling of my Repose,
the Center of all my Happiness, and all my earthly
Felicity. And so in hopes you will look kindly upon
this my low Submission, I remain,

Dear Madam,

Your Penitent and Afflicted Servant,

T. D.

The Answer.

Sir,

I Have received you Letter, wherein you pretend
to be very sorry for your offence ; the which, tho'
I resent very heinously, I must at the same time con-
fess

fels I should have some inclination to pardon, if I could prevail with my self to believe you are truly sorrowful for offending, and wou'd make it a caution for the future how you suffer your Tongue to run at random, in discovering, or rather betraying the secret Affairs of your Mistress; however, I will so far flatter my self in a Belief that you are sensible of your unadvised rashness, that you will carry your self more prudently hereafter; upon which condition I admit you to plead for your self in Person; at what time I likewise let you know, I expect rather an Acknowledgment, and a Detestation of what has passed, than any pretended Excuse or Justification of your Innocence; and so I take my leave, subscribing my self,

Your much offended Friend,

N. G.

A Letter from a Father to his Son.

Son,

BY reason of your long Absence from me, I have undertaken to write to you, to tax you with a neglect of your Duty, in not acquainting me by Letter, or otherwise, with your Affairs, or giving me to understand whether you are in Health and Prosperity, or not; however, if I speedily hear from you, I may accept of your Excuse; and in the mean time be sure so to behave your self in all your Affairs and Undertaking, that it may redound to mine, and your own Credit, that I may not think the Learning and other Advantages I have bestowed upon you, has been cast into barren Ground, or bestowed upon you in vain: And above all, be careful that you converse, or keep Company with none, unless your unavoidable Occasions require it, but such as are honest and virtuous; for evil Company is the Ruine

of

of Youth; and so in hopes speedily to see you
I remain,

Your loving Father,

T. R.

The Answer.

Dear Father,

AFTER the humble Acknowledgement of my Duty and Obedience, I must with Blushes own that the hurry of Business wherein I have interest'd my self, has made me remiss in not keeping the Promise I made at my Departure, to write frequently, thereby to certify you how Affairs go in these Parts. But since you are pleased to pardon what is past upon the Security of a strict observance, I shall not, I hope, be wanting to merit in some measure, so much Goodness, Lenity, and tender Affection, as you have always express'd towards me; and as for the Caution you give me in relation to my Company, I have all along observed it, my own Discretion directing and inclining me so to do; but since you remind me of it, I shall redouble that Caution, and am perswaded you will hear no ill Character of me from the Mouth of Truth; but if any by false Aspersions should attempt to abuse your Ears, in traducing me, I hope you will not over-hastily, nor without good grounds give credit to such Moths of mens Reputation; and so in Expectation to see you, and lay my self in Duty at your Feet, so soon as my great Affairs will permit; most honoured Father, I remain,

Your most Dutiful and most Obliged Son,

S. R.

A Letter to a Maid to perswade her to Marry.

Dear Isabel,

SINCE I have entered into a married Estate, I have found so many unexpected Pleasures, and so much

comfort in a kind and loving Husband, that for all the little Niceties and Fears that strugle to hinder Virgins from that which naturally they so much covet and desire, nor whatever else can be reasonable named, I would not be otherwise than I am; I must confess at first the thoughts of giving my self up to the Will of a Husband, did not a little startle me, considering I was altogether unskill'd in such an undertaking; nor had I been less possessed in my tender years, with the Descriptions of the many Hazards and Dangers that attended a Marriage Estate, and what rough and boisterous Creatures Men are, when they get innocent Virgins into their Power, but since I find all contrary, I conclude such frightful Representations were only scattered in my way to prevent any early Progress I might be inclined to make in Love. You may indeed think it strange, that I write thus to you; but since I am possessed of so great a share of Felicity, I cannot yet think it so perfect as I would do, if the like were fallen to your Lot; for as we have been all along Sympathizers in each others Joy and Grief, and dear Companions since our tender Infancy, what remains where true Affection dwells, but that I should wish you happy in the same Estate, wherein I find my self so? Nor need you, I am confident, adorned with so much Beauty and Virtue, want a thousand Hearts; out of which number of your Adorers, out of which casting by the fabulous Fear that hinders the Consummation of Love, you might chuse one to shower on you all the soft Endearments, all the kind Complacencies and tender things that can possibly render a Woman happier than her self can reasonably conceive; which is the entire Wish, and earnest Desire of her, who is

Your unfeigned Friend and Servant,

A. G.

A Letter

*A Letter to a Widow.**Dear Widow,*

I Must at once express my self both sorry and glad that now you are at Liberty to make a second Choice ; sorry that you have lost a good Husband, and glad that it is in my power to recommend another to your Arms, who will no less tender and regard you ; one that will think nothing too dear to please and oblige you ; you may indeed object, That good Men are hard to be found ; to which I subjoyn, and therefore have been very curious and cautious to find you out one amongst those few that are so cautious, indeed is to be used in so great an Affair, but too much frequently marrs a good Enterprize. You know, Widow, what it is to be married ; and therefore ought not to stand on little Niceties, when the more weighty part is substantial ; nor can I imagine that you have so hard a Thought of me, as to believe I would be so treacherous as to recommend you to any thing to your Disadvantage. However, I have undertaken that you shall admit of a Visit from the Party, who is so highly in my Esteem, and I hope will shortly be so in yours, and in Expectation you will not let me prove barren in my Promise, in which you may conclude my Credit must of necessity suffer, I subscribe my self,

*Your Cordial and Unfeigned Friend,**P. C.**The Answer.**Sir,*

I Have perused the Letter you sent me, not without Blushes, considering the Contents were somewhat surprizing ; I have indeed all along ranked you amongst the number of my Friends, and you might justly

justly have taxed me with Ingratitude, had I done less, but that you should concern your self in my Affairs of this kind, I never expected. I have indeed, as you say, lost a good Husband, whose Remembrance is too fresh in my mind to admit any thoughts of a second; however, I must return you my thanks for your good Will and Meaning towards me; and that that I may be the more tender of your Credit, I will upon your account, by reason your Promise is past, admit of, though against my Inclination, a Visit; and so I conclude, and am, Sir,

Your unfeigned Friend,

A. D.

A Letter from a Wife to her Husband in the Country.

Dear Husband,

YOUR tedious Absence does not a little afflict me, nor did I think the Love you so much profess towards me, could have so long delayed me, since you, well know that I take no Joy in my self, being thus divided from you, who are my chiefest Comfort on Earth: What shall I say then, but that you are unkind? yet methinks I blush to lay such an Injury to your charge, and find at the same time something whisper me, that you cannot be guilty, (considering the Obligations I have laid upon you) of such a Crime in Love; but to put me altogether out of doubt, and that I may have no cause to believe you purposely delay, Dear Love, gratifie so far the Expectations and earnest Wishes of your kind and most affectionate Wife, as to let her speedily be blessed with having you in her Arms, there tenderly to chide you for taking your self from her, and at the same time be-
reaving

reaving her of the much desired possession of all her Temporal Felicity ; for well you know, considering how dearly I tender your Company, that your Absence must be tedious to her that lives but to share a life with you ; and so in hopes whatever business may happen, or you may pretend, you will gratifie me in this small request, though to me of the greatest moment Imaginable, I am Dear Husband,

Your dutiful Loving and Obedient Wife,

S. B.

The Answer.

Kind Wife,

I Have received your Letter, and am but too sensible that my Absence has been tedious to you ; yet I must excuse it (though intire Love and Matrimonial tenderness and affection is frequently attended with Impatience to be delayed, and will not admit with a firm Credulity of any Excuse) by my being forced to attend upon unexpected Business, which has in spite of all the earnest Desires I have had of returning, and the Promises I made to my kind and most obliging Wife, delayed me ; wherefore I must earnestly intreat you that you would be more tender than to impute it to any disregard or neglect I have of your Person, and though to remove all scruples of that kind, nay, be it to my Detriment or Loss in Affairs, I will haste to give you the Satisfaction you seem so earnestly to require, by being speedily with you, and so put it into your Power to chide me at leisure, and till that happy time, which I as earnestly desire as any thing that can be thought of or expressed ; I am, Dear Wife,

Your ever Loving and most Affectionate Husband,

G. B.

The

*The Daughters Letter complaining to her Mother
for want of a Husband.**Dear Mother,*

YOU told me when I was sent abroad it was in order to gain such Breeding and Carriage as might qualify me to enter upon a Married State, which made me the willinger to be absent from you so tedious a time ; and though my Diligence has been great to improve my self to the utmost of my Abilities, and am, as I hope, of sufficient years and discretion to alter my Condition ; yet I do not any ways perceive your Endeavours tend to the furtherance of that Affair ; but that you seek to confine me to a tedious Virginity ; which I am the rather induced to believe is the summ of your Intentions ; for as much as since my Mistress, or rather Goaler, received your last Letter, she has set more Spies upon my ways and actions, and has straitened me that Liberty which before was but little better than Bondage ; therefore let me intreat you by all the Duty and Obedience I have hitherto been conformable in to your Commands, that you unriddle me this Mystery : my years cannot be a sufficient Objection, as being now altogether Sixteen, and having seen many a younger Bride in the fruition of those Joys that are strangers to me, or if you have designed one to be my Husband, who is not as yet at years of Discretion, and consequently not capable of meeting me with an equal flame, at least, let me know it, that I may in compliance to your will, stay longer ; yet that it may be in hopes, and that my Comfort may be I shall not undergo the Scandal of being reputed an overgrown Virgin, especially in an Age where the forwardness of our Sex makes it a wonder to pass the Teens. I cou'd inlarge upon this Subject, but hinder-

hindered by Blushes, I desist and press no further at this time, than that I may have your Answer, and so remain,

Dear Mother,

Your most Obedient and Dutiful Daughter,

A. C.

The Answer.

Daughter,

THE surprizing Letter I received, I could not, had I not been very well acquainted with the Hand, have conjectured to have come from you, I indeed remove you at the distance you now are because I perceived a more than ordinary forwardness in you to give ear to the allurements and smooth discourses of young Men, which becomes not the Modesty of our Sex; for in so doing, we give our selves up to the Temptation which approaches too fast, and run upon those snares we ought to shun, nor do I now less wonder at your Impatience, and more when you plead your Age, although at the same time you live in the days wherein to the scandal of their Parents, in whose Power it frequently is to prevent it, Maidens leap out of their Cradle into their Marriage-Bed; which Indiscretion is the cause of so many Misfortunes that befall them even in their Nonage, and one of the main Reasons we have such a Pigmy Generation, is placed in competition with former times, when it was held a Reproach to Marry under 20 years; nor must I have you repine if I think it convenient you continue as you are till that time: But if you will be a Rebel to your Obedience, and bid defiance to ancient laudable Customs, let the Misfortunes that happen be upon your own head: however I shall not be wanting to take such measures as may possibly prevent it. And so commanding you to trouble me with
no

no more Stories of this Kind, I am whilst, you continue in a state of Obedience and Duty,

Your careful and Affectionate Mother,

M. C.

A Letter to a young Lady upon the second Sight.

Dear Madam,

After I have with much earnestness begged your Pardon for presuming to intrude this Letter into your fair hands, I must grow bold under the umbrage of the like Pardon, to let you know that your Idea has so largely possessed my Heart, that I have ever since I first beheld you, been captivated by your bright Eyes, and made it my business to find out the Apartment of my Conqueress, and am so fortunate as now to know it; but when all ways were tryed to gain access, and none found but such as perhaps might be resented as Rudeness in a Stranger, I enforced my self to commit these Lines to your favourable Construction, wherein I yet presume to tell you that I Love, and that you are the fair Creature that Impleys my Thoughts, and in hopes of whose Favour I only flatter my self with happiness: O frown not then, nor let a Cloud of Anger overcast those beams of Light that have darted into my Soul the charming lustre that sparkles in themselves, but look favourably upon this poor Address, and bless me with a Line or two, that I may know you have some Compassion on me, and that I may continue on this side the Land of Despair; for which condescension I shall make it the business of my Life to serve you in all the Possibilities your Commands shall impose on me; and so in hope you will be gracious, I presume to subscribe my self,

Madam,

Your most Passionate and Obedient Servant,

A. C.

The

*The Answer.**Sir,*

I Must own I have received a Letter, but the Person that sent it, I know not, yet at the Importunity of the Bearer, and the Request of the Writer, I have sent back these Lines to let you, or whoever it may concern, know, That those who make their Addres- ses to me in the way of Courtship, are so prudent to be well-known to me before they trouble me with Letters; wherefore I think it no ways convenient to capitulate with you, till I am better informed of your Worth; you may indeed be a Person very deserving, but since I am at present in the dark, as to any Knowledge, or Certainty thereof, you must pardon me, if I suspend my Opinion, or forbear to declare my self, till I am more sensible of it. And so, Sir, leaving you to gather from this what shall seem most suitable, I conclude to subscribe my self in Civility,

*Your Friend,**A. B.**Julia to Hemanus, a Letter.**My Dear Hemanus,*

YOur tedious Absence has not a little afflicted my tender Heart, nor cou'd I think when we parted, that business of the greatest moment could have made so long a separation; but seeing it so falls out, you cannot reasonably blame me, that I am possessed with mortal fears, lest some ill Chance has befallen you, I might indeed, could I find any place to doubt your Constancy, tax you with Ingratitude and Unkindness: But not daring to harbour such a Thought, I am constrained to let you know that I desire your Company beyond any thing I can express on this side Immortal Felicity, and therefore make it my earnest Request that you would delay no longer to hasten hither, where

where, with open Arms, and all the Indearments of a tender and affectionate Lover: your *Julia* waits to receive you, and must, till you bless her with your Presence, sit under the shade of Melancholly, pressed with anxious Cares, and remain,

*Your constant loving, and yet disconsolate,
Wife, Julia.*

The Answer.

My dearest Julia,

I Have received your Letter, and am not a little grieved that I have taken my self from you so long a time, but the Seas and Winds, as well as important Business, have unhappily conspired to keep us separate, if we can rightly term it a Separation where the Hearts are one, in the strictest Union and Bonds of Love: However I shall take that care to break through all Obstructions that may offer to create delay, and with the speed that wings true Love, hasten to your Arms, and strive to render you a double Joy in Recompence of my long Absence; till when, Dear Love be patient, and let no sorrow afflict a heart in which I have so great a share; but let the consideration of my being on my way to renew your happiness, banish sad Thoughts; and so, commending you to the Protection of Heaven, I subscribe my self,

*Your constant and most affectionate,
Hemanus.*

*A Letter to Commend a young Gentleman
to his Mistress.*

Dear Madam,

BEing so happy to be informed that Mr. P. is lately become a Servant of yours, and as I understand altogether in earnest, having first begged your Pardon for my Presumptuous Intrusion, I thought it convenient to inform you, that if you are disposed

to

to alter your Condition, I cannot think any Person fitter for your Choice, considering the good Character he has in the World of being an honest frugal prudent and ingenious Gentleman, which to my Knowledge proceeds not from Flattery, but is altogether groundd upon his Merit: As for his Person, I shall not commend it, for as to that you are the competentest Judge; and indeed being wise, as all (that have been happy in your Conversation) must own, you may tax me with Imprudence, for not leaving you to judge of the rest, which indeed I ought to have submitted to; but I hope the Love and Esteem I have indifferently for you both, will plead in my behalf, and gain me an Excuse: And so Madam, wishing you in every station all manner of felicity, I take my leave, and am

Your most humble and most obliged Servant, A. G.

The Answer.

Madam,

I Have received your Letter, and am constrained in point of Generosity to return you my hearty thanks for the Care you take of my welfare, and especially in what most materially concerns my future Tranquility; the Gentleman you mention, has indeed payed me some visits of late, and I have no reason to reproach him for his Civility; but considering Marriage is a great work, and ought not to be enter'd upon without much mature deliberation, I cannot oblige my self rashly to enterprize it by giving a hasty consent, but must take time to consider on it as a weighty matter; and although my thoughts were not before averse to an Alteration of my Condition, I must confess the Character you have given on the part of my Lover, has not a little heightned my Esteem of him: But Modesty bidding me be silent
in

in that matter, lest I shou'd be censured as too forward in so great a Concern; I rest, and am,

Madam, Your most obliged Servant,

R, C.

A Country Letter from Robin to Joan.

Honest Joan,

I Can but think ever since you and I were together at the Wake, what a great mind I have had to Buss thee; I wou'd indeed have come to thy Father's House, and have cracked a Pot of Ale with thee, had not I been a great deal busie in getting in the Hay and Corn, and when that was over, in Ploughing the Land; but I will spare so much time before I am a Twelve-month older, as to come and see thee, and that thou mayst not think I forget thee, I have sent by this Bearer a Pair of Gloves, and a Top-knot, that thou mayst be Alamode, as they call it, and go fine as other Lasses; they cost me Ninepence, I cou'd get them no cheaper; however, I think not the Mony ill-bestowed since they are for thine own dear self. And Joan, if thou lovest me, as I believe thou dost, and have reason to think it ever since thou tookest two Busses for one, Let me have a Line or two from thee to hear how thou dost; and tell the Clerk of the Parish I will pay him for writing it, when I come to see thee; And so I bid thee heartily good buy, and am,

Your trusty Sweetheart, Robin.

The Answer.

Kind Robin,

THE Clerk not being at home, I got the Parson to set Pen to Paper, and bid him tell you that I am a great deal glad to hear you are very well, as indeed

deed I am at this present Writing, and am as impatient, *Bob*, to see thee, as thou canst wish or imagine; but have been taken up in spinning a pair of Sheets above this Fortnight; yet shou'd you come to see me, I'd make half a Holy-day with you for all that. I have indeed received your Token, and that very kindly, as what cou'd I do less? yet must rate and chide you a little for laying out your Mony so simply; consider, *Bob*, Ninepence is a great deal of Mony, and might have been better bestowed; however, I take it all in good good part, and wore the Gloves and Top-knot last Sunday for your sake. But can you think it! it wou'd have made you have laughed to almost bepissing your self to see how the Folk gauped and stared at me to see how fine I was; and to speak what I think, I believe many a Lads envied me for being in the Court-fashion, because they were not so themselves. And now *Bob*, Paper being scarce, I shall take my leave of thee, without any longer occasion, and own my self to all the World, if occasion were, That I am

In Love with no body but your self: In witness whereof I have set my Mark, as not being able to write my Name. J.

A Letter from a Country Esquire to his London Mistress.

Dear Mrs. Betty

WHat shall I say, or how shall I express my self to make thee know how much I love thee? As for thy Father, he knows it, for I told him all my Affections when he was last in the Country, and I hope he has told thee as much. I shewed him too, my Sheep, Cows, Horses, and all my Domestick Cattle and Poultry, with my Warrens and Parks of Deer,
my

my Ground, and Stacks of Corn and Hay; and many other things too tedious to mention in an Epistle, and told him what I wou'd Joynter thee in ; for indeed thou art worth more than I have to give for thee : However if thou wilt love me, thou shalt have me into the Bargain : Your Father seemed well enough to approve and like of all the concern, but told me withal, that he left you free to your Choice. and that he wou'd compel you to nothing. but I must make way my self to your Affections, which I am now endeavouring to do, and I hope I shall not labour in vain, for as soon as I know how you relish this, I will come and see you my self : And so no more, in haste I am,

Your very loving Servant, W. N.

The Answer.

Sir,
I Have received your Letter, and am surprized to find you should fall in Love with one you never see ; what you have learned of me from my Father, I know not, yet Love being grounded upon seeing, and liking, I cannot but wonder you shou'd choose you know not what ; you know not but I may be old and deformed, ill-natur'd and crooked condition'd, for you must imagine Parents will be partial in setting off their Children, forbearing to expose their Infirmities, leaving them the rather to be discovered by others ; and indeed themselves will not many times see what is too apparent, which begat the Proverb, *viz. Every Bird thinks her young the fairest ;* wherefore I'd have you better advise and consider beforehand, if it be possible for men so to do ; you settle your Affections upon you know not whom, nor what, for really as you are a Stranger I am concerned for you, and wou'd not have you unsight and unseen pitch upon

upon a bad Bargain, which may give you cause to repent hereafter : You speak too of a Visit you intend to pay me, but I think you may spare the labour, for I am confident you won't like me when you see me, and then I may give you cause to repine at the Trouble and Expence I shall occasion you. My Father indeed told me all that passed between you and him, by which I understand you are in a Capacity to render a Woman happy ; and I can now only wish perhaps I had known your Mind sooner, for really not to trifle long with you, nor hold you in suspense, you have declared your self too late, unless I had two hearts ; but Nature allowing me no more than one, that one is already given away, past recall ; and so wishing you better success in your next Address, I return you for your good opinion of me, my hearty thanks, and subscribe my self,

*Sir, Your most humble Servant to Oblige you
in what I may, A. P.*

*A Letter from a Mistress to tax her Lover
with Inconstancy.*

Sir,

COu'd I have thought you false after so many Protestations, I had not so easily believed and trusted you with my honour : Little did I think when you made your Addresses in so humble a strain, accompanying your amorous Discourse with such seemingly serious Protestations, that such falshood attend your Sex ; but since by sad Experience I have found that the Seas and Winds are not less stable, nor wandring Fires that delude belated Travellers more false, I am constrained to let you know how much I resent your Ingratitude though through the strength of mind that always supports me, I could have refrained to let you see what you perhaps may glory to account a Woman-
ish

ish weakness in me, and have remain'd as unconcern'd as you ; nay, done it with that ease, I shook you from my Heart ; but this I do to prevent your heaping more guilt upon your self by protesting perhaps hereafter your Ignorance and Innocence, though at the same time you know it to be otherwise ; nor is it less in my Power to be revenged, wou'd I give my self up to the study of it ; but I think it the more generous and nobler way not to suffer my Soul to sink so low, but rather to leave you to be punished by your conscious guilt, and so from this time raising you out of my Memory, I date it the happy Moment of my recovered freedom, and remain, false Man, henceforth entirely at my own Dispose,

M. Q.

A Letter from one Friend to another, upon his deliverance from Trouble and Danger.

Dear C.

I Am not a little over-joyed that you have escaped the Danger that lately threatned you : nor have I had a moment's sound repose till the happy News of your Deliverance sounded in my Ears : so powerful is the Sympathy where true Friendship dwells, nor is the News less welcome to the rest of your Friends and Relations in these Parts ; and so much the more since we are assured, as we never doubted, what your Innocence deserved ; you came off with that Credit, that your candid Reputation appeared more and more justifiable ; nor let it at all deject or trouble you that you have been causelessly molested, seeing it is the common Chance of Mankind to meet with Crosses, and Vexations in this Life, the World it self being fitly compared to the Sea that is restless, and Men to the Ships therein, which can never promise themselves always to be free from the Storm : Troubles come to

to the best of men, and Crowns have frequently Thorns in 'em, and sit many times uneasie upon the Heads of Monarchs. It's true some men are favoured with a long and uninterrupted Tranquility; yet those find vexations more or less, even on this side the Grave: Therefore think not your Lot cast in a harder Land than others, but rejoyce that your Misfortunes are but light and trivial to what some thousands undergo; and so with my best wishes committing you to the Protection of the Almighty, I subscribe myself,

*Your Constant Friend as well in adversity
as prosperity, G. B.*

A Letter of Consolation upon the Death of a Husband.

Dear Madam,

I Having the honour to be ranked amongst the number of your Friends, have taken the boldness to send this Letter of Condolence to let you know how much I am a sharer in your sufferings, That you have lost a kind and indulgent Husband, I, and all Mankind that knew him must readily own; nor am I, though in somewhat a more distant degree, a less sufferer, in the loss of a faithful, kind and obliging Friend; yet we must both consider that it is the certain Lot of all Mankind sooner or later to leave the troublesome Stage of this World, though whilst the Body sets in the Grave and slumbers in the gloomy dust, the better part, the immortal Soul, is freed from the Prison out of which it long has laboured to get and reaches its proper mansion, rises to the Region where Sorrow and Trouble are Strangers, and cou'd it be known that we mourn for such a blessed change, what cou'd it do less than think we envied its happiness. It must be confessed that a long continued Society where hearts are joined in strictest Bonds of Amity,

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must

must needs be unpleasing in the Separation, and through humane Frailty and natural Affections, we are loth to part with what we love; yet seeing there is an invincible necessity, we ought to sustain such Losses with Patience and Moderation, preparing to follow what we cannot keep. These Considerations, Dear Madam, ought to sway with you, and dry your Eyes that flow too much for what is past recall; and so in hopes you will moderate your Grief, and be thereby more tender of your Health, as I hitherto have, I shall ever continue to be,

Your Faithful Friend and Servant, J. B.

A Letter from a Virgin under Restraint to her Lover, &c.

Sir,

I Suppose you are not ignorant, that (since our Loves were discovered, and our Secrets betrayed by the false Confident you trusted with our Affairs) I have been under restraint, and narrowly watched by the strict order of my Parents; however, lest you should have no knowledge of it, and suppose I purposely neglect to meet you in the usual retirement, I have not without some difficulty procured this Letter to be committed to your hands, making it an Ambassador of my Constancy and good Affections, not doubting but that it will find you in that Peace and Tranquility that I esteem equal with my own, if not superiour, and had rather suffer, than be the occasion of disturbing your quiet.-- However, as I conceive there is a more than ordinary cause. In brief, I am daily pressed, not only by my Parents, but by a new Lover to withdraw my Affections from you, and place them elsewhere, though you need not fear but I am armed against all Persuasions of that kind; nay, even against the most rigorous threats, yet I would

would not have you so secure, but that you may at least imagine I may be compelled to do that against my Will, which you may assure your self I will not do with it ; and so contenting my self in some measure, to have given you this timely notice, and submitting the rest to your Discretion, I remain

Your Distressed, yet Constant, Elira.

The Answer.

Fairest of Creatures,

I Have received your Letter, the reading of which, has darted an Air of sadness through my Soul, and so sensibly afflicted me, that I altogether account my self unhappy, who am the Cause of your Sufferings, and cou'd willingly pay my Life as a ransom for your Liberty, if no other means might be found to procure it ; but since, I hope, there are many ways to effect it, I will not at this time deprive you of the Joys you may justly expect thereby, nor gratifie my Enemy or pretended Rival, in a thing perhaps he so much wishes for, that he may with less difficulty make his Advāces to storm your Heart ; which success, if it cou'd possibly so fall out, wou'd even disturb me in my Grave ; but confiding in your intire and unalterable Affections, such fears vanish like a Morning Mist, and now my Studies are wholly taken up about your Deliverance, which I will not be tedious in compassing : And so I remain,

Your much afflicted Servant, G. B.

A Letter from a Brother to a Sister.

Dear Sister,

I Can but rejoyce that Time and Opportunity have befriended me thus seasonably to write unto you ; long indeed have I desired to make my self so happy, but it unhappily fell out that my Business, or want

of opportunity to send my Letter obstructed it ; however hoping this imperfect Messenger will find you in good health, I conceive an inward Joy at your welfare, and with all the tenderness of a Brother, will not fail for the future to put up my Prayers for a continuance of it, and hope in a short time to pay you a Visit ; in the mean while, since so fair an opportunity frequently offers of writing to you. I shall not be negligent therein ; but in that respect and regard as in all others, continue to be,

Your Ever Loving Brother,

C. D.

The Answer.

Kind Brother,

I Have received your Letter, and return you my hearty thanks for your vouchsafeing to take such Care of me, and shall not in a Sisterly affection be any ways behind-hand in making a due return and Acknowledgment ; nor can I thus, constrained by your Generosity, do less, though my tender thoughts, considering our Alliance in Proxanguinity, might have otherways moved me to it, yet your tedious Absence has not a little sensibly afflicted me ; and therefore I cou'd wish that no Business had the power or efficacy thus to divide us, though I blush to think any overfondness shou'd arise in me that might in the least prejudice or be a hinderance to you in your Affairs : And so in Expectation you will give me the happiness of seeing you with all convenient speed, I remain,

Your Ever Loving Sister,

A. D.

A Letter

*A Letter of Consolation and Advice from a Friend, to
one that is in Love.*

S I R,

I Have of late perceived you to give your self up to Melancholly, and shun, as much as in you lyes, the Company you formerly so much delighted in, which has made me, as a Friend that highly tenders your felicity, a little inquisitive into the cause; and therein I have been so successfull as to satisfie my self, the cause proceeds from a disappointment in Love, a thing I the least suspected, as not imagining that a person of your firmness and strength of mind could at all be shaken on so frivolous an occasion: yet since it so happens, that you are not proof against the Charms of a beauteous face, what remains but that you pursue the Object you so much desire, and let her know the conquest she has gain'd. Muster up then your drooping spirits, and with a resolution great, like your self boldly tell her how much you love, and expect to find the like returns. Consider Woman was but made for Man, and that the most fair, the most proud, and most ambitious of the Sex, have been conquered by an adventurous and daring onset, whilst those that pine at a distance, and fear to tell their mind, or press on with bravery to storm in a manner, the Breasts of their Mistresses have, after a long obsequious attendance, large expence and languishment, seen her fall an easie Conquest to another, whilst they have been lookers on: or if she is not to be won by reason of too austere reservedness. without difficulty, call Reason to man you, and be as indifferent as she is coy; and so you will, by degrees, either conquer your Passion, or by letting her see she has no power to give you trouble, lessen the esteem she has of her self, and that will give you a fairer opportunity to parley with her, upon equal terms: and so, in

hopes this advice may be something servicable to you, in relation to what it mentions, I continue to be,

Sir, Your most Faithful Friend, T. B.

The Answer.

SIR,

I Received your Letter, and find my self in friendship and generosity constrained to Return you my gratefull acknowledgment and unfeigned thanks for your advice and good-will towards me; but must at the same time express my self sorry that you should give your self so much trouble as to inquire into this affair; it being the tenderest business of my life, and the very center of my happiness or misery, according as I succeed or fail in my expectations; for she whom I adore, and takes up all my heart, unless a reserve in Friendship for you, is adorned with no common Beauty, nor replenished with a vulgar Virtue, but shines for both in the Sphere of her Sex, like the first moving Star, and by her Majestick presence commands an Awfull distance. Those that are not in Love, it is true, may easily prescribe Rules to those that are, as every body will be giving directions to the sick; but those that are in Love, like me, and feel a flame like mine, must needs confess that it comes near to Impotency; for when we presume most upon our strength, and boldly resolve to unburthen our labouring thoughts to move compassion in the Saint we adore; all on a sudden our Tongues begin to falter, a trembling seizes every Nerve, and words forget their way; instead of which, sighs and abrupt stammerings take place; blushes and eager gazes still succeed or accompany them: However encouraged by you, whose Councils never failed me at my greatest need; the fair One shall know for whom I languish, though thunder-struck by her frowns, I fall before her

her anger, and am lost forever. And so dear Sir, with all imaginable return of Thanks, and the long Endearments of our mutual Friendship, I take the boldness to subscribe my self,

*Sir, Your most affectionate Friend and
Servant, A. C.*

A Letter from a young Lover to his Mistress.

Dear Madam,

Pardon my boldness that being unknown to you, I presume to send this Letter as a Messenger to tell you I am your Captive, and that I only wait the favourable opportunity to lay myself at your feet, and pay those profound Respects due to your Bounty and Virtue; till which happy time, if Heaven vouchsafe me a great blessing. I must languish between hope of your goodness and compassion towards me, and despair of being accepted into the number of those you vouchsafe to cast your smiles upon: but if you are so mercifull as you are fair, and esteemed Vertuous, I may promise my self that you will not be so unkind as altogether to deny me access to your Presence, but at least suffer me, if Fate or any hard Fortune has ordained me miserable, to receive my doom in person from your fair lips, which of the two extreams may prove the milder: Therefore fairest of Creatures, in expectation of knowing your pleasure, I flatter my self with the happiness to subscribe, that I am,

*Madam, Your most affectionate and
most Obedient Servant, P. C.*

The Answer.

S I R,
Your Letter did not a little surprize me, especially when I considered you are altogether a stranger

stranger to me or my conversation ; nor can you reasonably expect that I should upon second thoughts esteem of it as any other than the effect of a complementary humour, for it is much that you should be so passionately affected as you express your self towards a Maid, to whom you are so much a stranger ; or at least I must affirm my self so to you, as not having ever seen you to my knowledge : however, I am not so reserved, but I thought fit to return you these Lines ; and further to let you know, that when I am better informed as to your Person and Merits, I shall better and at more leisure consider what to determine as to your requiring to pay me a visit, which I am not so curious in refusing, as far as the bounds of Modesty will admit, to any Gentleman, whose mind is virtuous, and his intentions honest : and till I better understand your Worth, I must beg your pardon, and only, take leave to subscribe my self

A Friend to Vertuous Inclinations, A. G.

A Passionate Letter to Reproach a Scornful Mistress.

Madam,

WHat more can be expected from the most obsequious Slave than I have performed ; how have I marked your Eyes, and taken the least motion for a command to do you service ; how have I neglected my own affairs, and with all the diligence expressible, laboured to let you see by my service how much I was yours, and how truly I loved you : but what is my reward ; nothing but scorn and disdain, when others reap the harvest of your smiles, and are highly caressed : O the ingratitude of Woman ! into what a Monster can it form it self, had it been once sounded with an Angel-Trumpet in my Ears, that the seeming virtuous, fair, charming *Bellamira* could have been false and

and inconstant as the Winds to the Man she promised so fair, and at so light a rate, broke all her vows and promises of an unalterable fidelity: I durst not believe it; but now too plain I find that they were used; yet, false one, I will not curse nor repine, but bear my sufferings with patience; and though the grief fits heavy on my soul, yet with a manly courage I'll surpress my woe; and having once shook off these chains, be free for ever from the fatal mischief that attends on Love, and befalls, *Fair One, still my own and C. D.*

*The Answer.**S I R,*

I Cannot but wonder you should be so much concerned to be rejected, seeing the encouragements I gave you were never so large as to ground any hope of succeeding upon: And as for your officiousness, it was in your own choice whether you would have persevered in such diligence or not; and although I am constrained to confess your services merited my thanks, which I often rendered you; and I, though it had been sufficient, yet you aiming higher, no marvel if you was rejected. Women, Sir, in these days, are improved in craftiness, and wear their Lovers like their Garments, putting one on to day, and another to morrow, and would not willingly wear out any, but when they are pressed to declare themselves; then it is time to pull off the Vizor to those they cannot affect, and let them discover how vain their hopes have been: and this, Sir, is your misfortune, if it be worth your terming it so; however, I shall not be wanting to continue such an esteem for you as you have merited, but would by any means advise you to withdraw your affections, if you have placed any upon me beyond the bounds of friendship and civil Conversation and so I take leave to remain *Your Friend & Servant, A.C.*

*A Letter to an unknown Gentlewoman.**Madam,*

THough my Eyes have not been blest with the happiness of viewing those rare Perfections that adorn so excellent a Creature as Fame has rendered you; yet the bare Relation has not only warmed, but inflamed my Heart with a Desire of seeing that Loveliness that has so often charmed my Ear, in the Description. I must confess, it is presumption in me thus to intrude my Letter; though altogether a Stranger to you, however, being confident that so rare a piece of Nature improved by all the Virtues that adorn the fair Sex, will give it a favourable Construction, and place the rash undertaking to the ardent desire I have to wait on you, and make the Excuse in Person. In expectation of which blessed Command from your fair Lips, I remain, though as yet unknown to you,

*Your ever obedient Servant, J. G.**A Letter to break off a rash Contract in Love-Affairs.**Madam,*

WITH Blushes I must own my Follies in making such large Promises where I am able to perform so little; however, I will be so just to undeceive you before it be too late, I found in all my Addresses, that the hopes of your having a great Fortune more than the possessing my Person, inflam'd your thoughts, and spurred you on by swift Advances to bring our Affairs to the very brink of Matrimony; but seeing we are got no further, let us stop there, lest we mutually repent our rashness; you repining for want of the Estate you expected, to bear up your Gallantry, and

and I to find you grow cold in Love towards me. Wherefore, sweet Lady, let us forget what we have done, and look out again, you for a real Fortune, and I for one of an humble mind, that will be content to love for the sake of Love ; and so hoping this will be your satisfactory Discharge, I subscribe my self for ever,

Your faithful Friend, C. B.

A Letter to a bashful young Maid, from a Female-friend, to persuade her to more freedom in Love.

Dear Dorinda,

THE great Zeal I always have had to serve your true Interest, constrains me to tell you, That tho' a prudent Modesty well becomes our Sex, yet at every little Accident to wear Blushes in our Cheeks, and seem surprized, as in Fear and Confusion, betrays in us a weakness of Mind, and that we are not Masters of our selves, and frequently not only exposes us to Neglect and Contempt. but loses our main Advantages in complying where we see it is for our good ; which when past, we cannot (though so fain we wou'd) recall ; for the airy Sparks taking too much Coyness, tho' natural Bashfulness be its Parent, for Folly and Moroseness, despairing to overcome, fly off, and for ever wean themselves from what they so lately lov'd and ador'd. Consider then, and with more Freedom entertain your Admirers, and stand not too much on Niceties, lest Time fade the Roses and Lillies in your Cheeks, whilst you are trifling about shadows of Virtue little available. Therefore be ruled by her who esteems your Welfare equal with my own ; and grow more resolved, and less reserved, that so your early Happiness may flow from immediate Springs of Joy, and not be kept in a doubtful reserve

reserve for want of straining a few Complements, which rather adorn than decay the Lustre of Beauty and Parts. And now you are advised, hoping you will take better Measures to your Advantage, which is the earnest Wish, dear *Dorinda*, of her who passionately desires your Felicity, I rest

Your most affectionate Friend,

A. G.

A Letter from a young Gentleman lying upon his sick Bed for some time, to his Mistress.

Madam,

Although I am obliged to struggle with a double Pain, *viz.* that of Love, and of a scorching Fever, into which a diseased Mind has cast me, weak and languishing as I am; I cannot, however, but let you know how I bear my heavy Affliction with Patience, supported with the glimmering of Hope that you will at least shed a Tear, or let go a Gale of Sighs in compassion to my Sufferings, since my rashness in placing my Love above my Merit, has rendred thus miserable and unfortunate the Man that so sincerely adores you; or could I be assured you would pity me, when Death with his Eternal Frost, comes to over-power these raging Fires that are turning me to Dust, it would be an easement, and make me drop from the Stage of Mortality with some Contentment. But, ah! I fear my Stars will not so over-bless me in the Close of my Days, when in a tedious Life they have ever frowned: Pardon me, Divinest Creature, for intruding these indigested Lines upon you; take them rude as they are, and as the Effects of a Mind in pain, and so not altogether hopeless that you will drop some Balm into the Wound you have made, casting my self in Imagination, at your Feet, and kissing the Ground

Ground where they imprint a Blessing, I take the boldness to subscribe my self,

Most lovely Maid,

Your poor and afflicted,

but ever-faithful Servant,

J. D.

A Letter from an Inferiour to his Superiour.

Honoured Sir,

I Have (imboldened thereto by the Knowledge of your Goodness) presumed to make this Letter my humble Messenger therein, acknowledging the high Veneration and Esteem I have for your Person, and to offer you my poor Service upon all Occasions that may in any degree render it acceptable. The Favours I have received from your Family, constrain me to a greater Acknowledgment, than my weak Abilities are capable of expressing: However, I should think my self ingrateful, and the worst of Men, did I not make it the business of my Life to engage my utmost to make some Retaliation, though it fall infinitely below what I ought to do, and what may justly be expected. Therefore it is both Modesty and Prudence in me to wait your Instructions and Commands, lest I be censured of rashness, as knowing a Person of your exalted Wisdom. can better inform, than of my self I am capable of guessing or undertaking. So in hopes this Presumption may find a favourable Construction, I beg leave to subscribe my self, worthy Sir,

Your most humble and obedient Servant,

T. C.

A passionate Letter from an injured Lady.

SIR,

IT could not once have entred into my Mind, that there remained so much Ingratitude in Man; but too plain

too plain I perceive that noble Creature is basely degenerated beneath the Creatures he should Lord it o're, and renders himself the meanest part of the Creation when he falls from Virtue. I thought I had Charms sufficient to have detained you, and in the soft Chains of my embracing Arms, have endeared you to Love and Constancy; but I plainly find you are a Wanderer, unfixed and always rambling where your giddy Fancy leads; therefore a thing not worthy of the generous Flame that ever moves in my Bosom; with disdain I renounce you, and will labour to forget I ever saw your Face; and so casting you from my Arms and from my Heart, Go, hated Man, you never more shall trouble the Repose of her who is at last become her own again,

A. C.

A Letter from one young Lady to another; or, an Enquiry of Welfare.

Dear Madam,

YOUR tedious Absence has made me uneasy to myself, methinks I want my better half, since you are withdrawn, and must tax you with Unkindness for delaying your Return: However, I keep your Idea in my Thoughts, and give up my best Wishes to attend you; your Safety and Welfare are always put into my Prayers, and offered up for your Prosperity, which goes hand in hand with my own; for nothing can be prejudicial or afflicting to you, but must have an equal Influence over me: And therefore if your urgent Occasions must constrain us to a longer Separation, pray spare so much time as to let your Paper-Messengers come frequently to my hands, that being so satisfied of your Welfare, I may be the better at ease, till I have you in my Arms kindly

ly to chide you for your tedious Absence; so impatient of your Return, I remain,

Madam, your most affectionate Friend,

L. D.

Directions or Superscriptions of Letters to Persons of sundry Qualities, &c. Internal and External.

1. *External, or outward Superscriptions.*

TO the King's most Excellent Majesty, or
 To the Sacred Majesty of *William* the Third, &c.
 To the Queen's most Excellent Majesty.
 To his Royal Highness the Prince of D.
 To her Royal Highness the Princess of D.
 To his Grace the Lord Archbishop of *Cant.*
 To his Grace the Lord A. B. of *York*; or,
 To the most Reverend Father in God, &c. And to all
 other Bishops, *viz*: To the Right Reverend Father
 in God, *H.* Lord Bishop of *L.*
 To his Grace the Duke of *S.* or, To the High-born
 Prince A. B. Duke of *S.*
 To the Right Honourable the Marquess of *W.*
 To the Right Honourable the Earl of *C.*
 To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount *F.*
 To the Right Honourable the Lord *P.* Baron of *D.*
 To the Honourable Lord *C.* that is, the Son of a Noble Man, for they are always stiled Honourable, though but Esquires, &c.
 To his Excellence A. B. Ambassador from the High and Mighty Prince *L.* &c. and so to any Ambassador.
 To his Excellency *L. E.* of *F.* Captain-General of his Majesties Forces, &c. And so to the Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland.* To

To all Privy-Councillors, the Lord Chancellor, the L. Chamberlain, L. Steward of his Majesties Household, Secretary of State, Lord Privy-Seal, &c. you must direct your Letter, *viz.* To the Right Honourable, &c. and after that mention their Office and Dignity, as the rest.

To the Right Worshipful *T. B.* Knight and Baronet.

To Sir *B. B.* Knight, These humbly present.

These for *L. C.* Esq; or, For the Worshipful *L. C.* Esquire.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of the City of *London*: and so to the Lord Mayor of the City of *York*; or only to the Honourable the Lord Mayor of *York*, &c. And all those that have passed the Chair, as Lord Mayors of *London*, are ever styled Honourable.

To the Worshipful Alderman *A. C.*

To the Worshipful *M. C.* Sheriff of *London*, &c.

To the Reverend Judge *A. B.* or, To the Reverend *A. B.* one of his Majesties Justices, &c.

To *M. C.* Serjeant at Law.

To *E. G.* Counsellour at Law.

To any of the inferiour Clergy direct, *viz.* To the Reverend *T. C. D. D.* or as the Degree is, naming the Preferment and Dignity.

All Mayors of Burgh-Towns, or Masters of Corporations or Companies, by the King's Charter, are ever after styled Esquires.

To all private Gentlemen, *viz.* These are for Mr. *T. C.*

To all Gentlewomen, &c. To Madam *A. C.* To Mrs. *B. D.* But if she be the Wife of a Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, Baron, Baronet, Knight, &c. then you must give the Title as Dutches, Marchioness, Countess, Viscountess, Baroness, Lady, &c.

Internal

Internal Superscriptions.

These are those that are written on the top of the Letter or Superscription, &c. *Viz.*

To the King, *Sir*, *Dread Sir*, or, *May it please Your Majesty*, or *Sacred Sir*, or, *Dread Sovereign*.

To the Queen, *Madam*, or, *May it please your Majesty*.

To the Prince, *Royal Sir*, or *May it please your Royal Highness*.

To the Princess, *Madam*, or, *May it please your Royal Highness*.

To a Duke, *My Lord*, or, *May it please your Grace*.

To a Dutchess, *Madam*, or, *May it please your Grace*.

To a Marquess, *My Lord*, *May it please your Lordship*.

To a Marchioness, *Madam*, *May it please your Ladyship*.

To an Earl, *My Lord*, or, *May it please your Honour*.

To his Lady, *Madam*, or, *May it please your Honour*.

And the like to a Viscount, Viscountess, Baronet, Baroness, &c. only distinguishing the Sex.

To a Baronet, *May it please the Right Worshipful*.

To his Lady, *Madam*, or, *May it please your Ladyship*.

To a Knight, *Sir*, or, *May it please your Worship*.

To any Gentleman, *Sir*, or, *Much Honour'd* : and to any Gentlewoman, &c. indifferently, *Madam*, or *Mistress*, &c.

Complemental Expressions, or Quaint and Modish Deliverances of Sentences, or short Speeches, referring to Men of sundry Qualities, &c.

To the King. **M**ay it please your most Excellent Majesty, so far in your Princely Goodness to condescend, as to accept of the humble
acknow-

acknowledgement, the most devoted of your Subjects and Servants with all Humility tenders the King, &c.

Great Sir, or Sacred Sir, May it please you to look down upon your loyal, obedient, and ever-devoted Subject and Servant, and cast a kindly Beam on him that lives but to do you service, &c.

To a Duke. Most Honourable Lord, May it please your Grace to vouchsafe your Acceptance of this Present from him that lives by your Bounties, and must acknowledge himself and Fortunes ever at your Command.

May it please the High-born Prince, and my ever-honoured Patron, his Grace the D. of &c. to accept this humble acknowledgement from his Slave, &c.

Most honourable Sir, I can scarce express the Joy I conceived, that your Sickness and Affliction is vanished like a Dream, and suffers me to find you in your wonted Tranquility and Peace, &c.

To a Marquis. Most Honourable, and my very good Lord, it has not a little exalted the Joy I conceived at your Presence, since you have been pleased to own my Services, and think me worthy of your Notice.

To an Earl. Right Honourable and my most benign Lord, the humblest of your Servants lays himself, in conceit, at your Feet, and acknowledges your Bounty.

May it please your Honour to consider how much my daily Endeavours are, and how I struggle with all Difficulties that oppose to render my self in some manner acceptable to your Lordship.

To a Viscount. My Honourable Lord, what remains, considering the Bounties and Favours you have heaped upon me, but that I make it the business of my Life, in some measure, to make a Requital.

To a Baron. My Lord, may I presume to lay my self

self at your Feet, whilst I can have time and utterance to expresse my self how much I am indebted to your bounty, which in all places I must acknowledge.

To a Baronet. Right Worshipfull Sir, the Obligations you have laid upon me are such, that I blush to think that it is not in my power to make any suitable return.

To a Knight. Sir, May it please your Worship to accept this first acknowledgment of my gratitude, though I must confess it unworthy of your notice; yet knowing your goodness, I grounded my presumption thereon.

Expressions that may be indifferently applied to any Man.

Sir, I am the humblest of your Servants, and nothing joys me more than that my Ears are daily filled with the pleasing sound of your noble Actions and glorious Atchievements.

Sir, Your favour has revived me; and what shall I do, or how shall I expresse my self that some gratefull acknowledgment may appear, or that I may be any ways accounted worthy to be named amongst the number of your Friends.

Sir, I must own my self the happiest of Mankind, since I am truly satisfied you have pardoned my rudeness, committed more through inconsiderateness than any affront or disloyalty to friendship.

Sir, I shall ever esteem your happiness as my own, nor shall I share a joy willingly but with your self.

Sir, I own my self indebted to you in so high a nature, and my Abilities so small to bring me off, that I must confess my self at a loss, how I shall in any measure make you a suitable return; yet my Will is good, and my person and service shall ever be at your devotion.

Sir,

Sir, Did you know how earnestly I strive to pay an acknowledgment due to your Virtues, and how little I am able to perform, you wou'd, past doubt, pity my fruitless Labours.

Sir, When I seek for a Theam to inlarge upon, your Name is sufficient at once to supply and charm me, the sound of it being enough to comp'eat my largest Intention, and to inspire me with Rapture.

Great indeed, Sir, have been the Obligations you have laid upon me, and great must be my thoughts, if I durst presume to make a suitable Return.

The Man, Sir, that secures your Friendship, must of necessity account himself rich, and repine no more at Fortune.

Sir, I am proud of your last Visit, and can only say, that my poor Habitation was never so grac'd, nor made so happy till then ; knowing your Parts, I cou'd do no less than chuse you to manage my Affairs, and find by grand experience, that I have so well prospered in your hands, that I find my self at a loss to let you know how much I am yours.

Sir, I have heard of your Worth by Fame, but find she has been too partial in not magnifying your Deserts as truly they deserve.

Dear Friend, Command me to do you Service, that you may be a Witness with what willingness and zeal I fly to serve you.

Dear Friend, How much am I honoured by being seen in your Company, and improved by your Conversation.

I am, dear Friend ; the grateful Acknowledger of your Bounty ; and shou'd I forget it, I might be justly termed a Monster in Ingratitude.

Sir, I have met you so seasonably, that I must bless the opportunity which affords me this Favour, and own that it has made me happy beyond my expectation.

Sir,

Sir, I must almost with admiration, but especially with repeated Thanks to Heaven and you, own I have found in you a true and real Friend, in that by which true friendship can only be distinguish'd from flattery.

Sir, you do me too much Honour in giving yourself the trouble to grace my Habitation.

Dear Sir, I am the humblest and most obedient of your Servants.

Sir, I am yours to be commanded, in what at all times you shall think convenient, to do you pleasure.

Sir, I shall make it my study, and will be proud, that I can find out any way to oblige you.

Sir, as I am an Honourer of true Worth, I confess I can place my Respects no where better than in continuing your Admirer.

Sir, Since you have been pleased to give me the favour of a Visit, let me return you my hearty thanks, and give you this further trouble, that you will bear my Service and Respects to your Lady.

Sir, Command my Life and Fortunes, and I'll lay 'em with the greatest willingness at your Feet.

Sir, Let me embrace you with all the tender Endearments of a Friend, and tell you at what a rate I value your Love and Friendship.

*Complemental Expressions, &c. of the like nature
to the Female Sex.*

To the Queen. **M**AY it please your Royal Majesty, out of the abundance of your Lenity and Princely Compassion, graciously from your station of highest Honour and Eminence, to cast your Eyes upon the lowliest of your Servants, though unworthy of so great a Favour.

May

May it please the Sacred Majesty of the Royal Consort to accept the services of one who has no ambition beyond the desire of serving her with the utmost zeal and diligence. &c.

To a Dutcheſs. May it please your Grace to consider that I live but by your smiles; and when you frown I must revert to what I was, before I had a being.

May it please the High-born Princess the Dutcheſs of, &c. to consider the supplication of her Servant, and be pitteous as she is good and fair.

To a Countess. Most honourable Lady, what shall I say to express the gratitude I owe you, or how shall I sufficiently acknowledge my self for the favours I have received at your hands.

To a Viscountess. Madam, May it please your Honour, that without offence I may tender you my service, and that you would raise my Ambition by putting it in my power to make, though an imperfect, return of the honour you have already done me.

To a Barroneſs. Madam, Your Honour is so full of good nature, that you bankrupt and quite exhaust my stock even of futable thanks, or gratefull expressions and acknowledgments for and of so transcendent a liberality.

To a Barronetteſs. Most honoured Lady, how shall I frame my Words, or manage my Tongue to render you in any case sensible, or let you know in what respect or for what cause I am wholly devoted to your service.

Madam, I am at a loss to express to any highth that which may relish like an acknowledgment of your goodness.

*To a Lady, the
Wife of a Knight* } Madam, May it please your Ladyship to render me the satisfaction of laying your Commands upon me, that I may show you how willing at all times I am to wait upon you and do you service.

To the Female Sex in General.

DEAR Madam, conquered by your fair Eyes, I come to lay me at your Feet, and acknowledge myself your slave.

Madam, my life depends upon your smiles; and if you frown, I must drop into the shades, and be no more.

Best of Women, extend your wonted compassion to your servant, who labours under a languishment beyond expression, and expects no cure but from her that gave the wound.

Madam, if I may presume to express my self, I must tell you I love, and that your self is the happy object I dote upon.

Fair Mistress, how shall I make my sufficient acknowledgments for the many favours I have received at your hands; all I can do is to make it the business of my life to study a requital.

Madam, your Beauty, your Wit and singular Parts make a treble conquest over my affections.

Lady, I must blush when I consider you have cause to tax me with ungentility in not performing my promise, but relying upon your goodness. I hope my excuse may prevail with you for once.

Fairest of Creatures, pity the Man that loves you more than life, and wou'd be proud to fall your sacrifice, did you command it.

Madam, though you are severe, and give me despair, which renders life tedious and troublesome; yet know when I fall your Martyr, no harsh words shall fall from my lips, but at the last gasp, the twilight between life and death, I'll faintly breathe a blessing on you.

Madam, consider I am your Creature, and can subsist no longer than I am supported by your smiles.

Madam,

Madam, how long shall I languish and feed upon Camelions fare ; if you resolve not to yield me Love for all my faithful services, be kind and tell me so, that by death at least may ease me of this lingering torment.

Madam, your virtues exceed the Charms of Beauty, and are the lasting Jewels that adorn you.

Madam hard is the Fate of Lovers where such Excellence appears to dash their great Resolves, and render them feeble and impotent by not being able to tell how much they love.

Thou best of Women, how shall I sufficiently extoll your goodness ; how shall I lay my self low enough at your feet, to let you know how sensible I am of the obligations you have laid upon me.

Great indeed, fair Lady, wou'd be my happiness, if what you speak in jest cou'd sink into my heart, that it might be one day in earnest.

Madam, blame me not for my pretensions to Love, since the power of that God is so universal that he rides Triumphant in every Region, and makes not only Man, but all Creatures feel his force.

Save, Dear Madam, your languishing Servant from a Grave into which he is dropping, and there must lye in dark oblivion, unless your redeeming smiles retrieve his Fate.

Ah, Madam, if loving too well be a crime ; if any can be said to do so, when you are the bright object of his affections, pardon that offence, since Love is the highest Attribute of Heaven, and that by which we rise from lumpish Earth, as high as everlasting life.

Great, Madam, it has been my Endeavour to serve you, and you repay me with frowns : Consider, dear Lady, I cannot live in storms, considering the weakness of the Bark, but must fall on the Rocks of black Despair, or Shipwrack on the Quicksands of Disdain.

Madam,

Madam, your Eyes are my two polar Stars by which I steer to my haven of happiness.

Madam your favour makes me richer than the Treasures of the *Indies*.

Charming sweet Lady, by the fame of your Beauty I gave scope to my heart to love you before I beheld these bright Eyes ; and now am more blessed to confirm it, considering the reports of fame that run high in others, have run low in you, and forgot or overlooked more than half your Merit. What shall I say divinest of Creatures to mollifie your heart; that I may after so long a siege find a yielding there.

Happy, Madam, is the Man upon whom you shall cast your favours, for he will be exalted above his fellows in the transcendency of joy.

Much delighted, Madam, with your pleasant and harmless conversation, I am imboldned at this time to intrude into your company.

Pleased, sweet Lady, by gazing upon you, I follow you like your shade, to feast my eyes on those Beauties my Ambition dare not pretend to enjoy.

Happy, sweet Lady, is the Man that lives in the Shadow of your favour, for there he may supinely repose, and be secured from the scorching of the Torrid Zone of your scorn under which others must swelter and languish.

Madam, give Audience to your slave, since I only live to tell you how much I love you, and then expire.

Madam, since you refuse to shew me any mercy, I am resolv'd to try the Waves, who, doubtless, in their greatest fury will be kinder.

Madam you stand like an impregnable Tower against the assaults of all Mankind.

Madam, the Roses and the Lillies in your fair Cheeks are always in contention, though they seem

to live in peace, and hold an equal reign, since neither get the mastery.

Madam, your golden hair appears like flowing Amber upon your Head, that Globe of Wisdom; and your Forehead, like a Rock of Alabaster reflecting the Sun-beams to enlighten the pleasant Vails beneath; your Eyes resemble two Diamond Quarries, and your Lips and Teeth, the Coral and the Pearly spoil of the richer Ocean; and all the rest more charming than the Spring deckt in her utmost Glories.

O? tell me, fairest Mistress, if without offence I may dare to approach the presence of so divine a Creature; yet, methinks, where so much Beauty is ingrossed kindness and good nature ought to be its handmaids.

Madam, in you both Love and Honour wait; and Fortune is your slave.

Madam, the Charms that adorn your lovely Face cannot be formed even in the largest thought, much more be characterized, as they truly deserved, by tongues of Mortals.

Madam, your Angellick beauties lay snares to intrap my soul, which wou'd have ease from pains it do's already feel.

Madam, to what a boundless hight of Ambition must the Man arise that dares to court your smiles.

Fairest of your Sex, if no other favour can be yielded, honour me with a salute of your fair hand.

Madam, I am at a point; if you refuse me, I have resolved to choose a nobler Fate than thus, like *Niobe*, to grieve till I become a Marble Statue.

Heal the Wounds, sweet Lady, you have made, and be not cruel to let me live in pain, when it is in your power to ease me.

Madam, to fall a Sacrifice and expire, is the least part of my Grief; but to be divorced by death from your fair self is intolerable.

Madam,

Madam, instruct me how I shall find out a way to requite the Favours you have been pleased to cast upon me.

Madam, I have endeavour'd to the utmost of my power, in hopes my officiousness might have turned to some small account, whereby you might have reaped the benefit, but I find I am at a loss.

Affure your self, fair Lady, that I will ever be constant; and when I am otherwise, may your Anger blast me.

Most obliging Madam, What shall I say to render you sensible of the many Obligations you have laid upon me!

Madam, as a Captive, I surrender my self; for although I have a long time been a Rebel in the Empire of mighty Love, yet conquer'd by your goodness, I at length am reclaimed, confessing that I own to you my Conversion.

Country Complements, or Expressions, in Business and Courtship.

Honest Dick, I am very glad to see thee in good Health, and I thank you finely for the kindness you did me the last Week.

Tom. I am not a little joyful to hear thou art Married; and may Fugg be fruitful, and bring thee every year a swindging Lad.

Well, Sam, thou canst not think what a Friend I have been of thine, to further thy wooing with Madge—I'll promise thee, I buss'd her for thee, and bid her be kind to thee, as she lov'd me.

Will. I am heartily contented to see thee, and am glad to hear thy Cows and Sheep thrive so well in thy new Farm.

Robin, thou overjoyest me to meet thee so luckily, for you see I am in my Holy-day Cloaths: And what dost thou think I am so plaguey fine for? Why, I am going to fetch *Cib*, the Miller's Maid, we are to be Married to day, and thou shalt be our Bride-man.

Roger, thou art so fine a Man, and a fellow of so much wit, that, adad, I admire thy Company.

Dear *Harry*, I present thee this token from *Sicely* thy Sweetheart; she says she will not be outdone by thee in kindness, and therefore has sent you a pair of Bandstrings in requital for the Gloves you gave her at the last Wake.

Oliver, thou art a Man of Parts, and I must hug thee; I know thou canst Write and Read, and in good time mayst come to be a Great Man, even the Clerk of a Parish.

Will, I see you are a hopeful Lad; for all the Lasses in the the Parish do so gloat upon thee.

Nymph; how is it, Man, this Morning? What, up so soon after thy Wedding, had I been in thy place, my Cows thou'd have lost their Fodder for once and not use it.

O, *John*! I see you are always hankering here-about: Well, I'll be hang'd if thou hast not a Sweet-heart in some corner near at hand.

Country Expressions, or Complements, to Women.

Kind *Fenny*, it rejoices me to see how smug you are; thy neatness has often made my chaps water, I'll assure you.

Sweet Mistress *Prue*, how long shall I pine as they call it, and hang my head like a wither'd Tulip or Primrose, before thou'lt say, Honest *Jack* I am thine?

Cib, thou art my choice, and the Old man my Father,

Father, approves it; therefore prick up thy Ears, and let us to it Girl.

Doll, thou art my Pigsnies; and I so much love thee, that methinks I cou'd smuggle thee till I have lost thee.

Kate, you little think what a grumbling you have caused in my Gizzard above this fortnight; for, in troth, I was never so out of humour in all my life; as since I gazed upon thy pritty gray Eyes at the last Wake.

Well, *Madge*, I hear that thy Father and mine have made up the match over a Pot of Ale, and I am come to seal the bargain with a Buss, and to let you know I'll fetch you upon my Roan Horse on *Sunday* next, and then we'll be Married together.

Sweet *Grace*, I must own you are something handsome; but you are withall so cross and peevish, that a dog wou'd not live with you.

Well, *Moll*, I have got thy Mothers consent, and now am come to wooe thee.

Mistress *Ursula* methinks ye are the plumpest brown Lass in all the Parish; and cou'd I think you wou'd fall in love with me, I'd tell you a piece of my mind.

Fenny, Fenny — O you little prate-a-pace, thou hast a Tongue well hung; and if I thought you cou'd not scold, avads I'd have you home to be my Wife, and so buss ye when we are treading the Pease-mow together, thou canst hardly dream on't.

Fair Mistress *Peggy*, you have so thrall'd my heart, that I am compelled to follow you as the Cart do's the Horses.

*Quains and Complemental Expressions in English
Disticks, &c. to be used by Lovers to their
Mistresses, on sundry Occasions.*

M Adam, I own your Charms, confess you fair,
Yet bright as you destroying Angels are.

Like you the Moon does rule her World below,
And as she pleases, makes it ebb and flow.

Like you fair *Venus* look'd, when the fierce Bore
The tender side of her *Adonis* tore.

Madam, your Eyes to me Inchantments prove,
And Honour I must sacrifice to Love.

Forgive my Crime, thou fairest of thy kind,
And let true Penitence some Mercy find.

Madam, your Slave thus prostrate at your Feet,
With floods of Tears begs he may favour meet.

Madam, if I have sinn'd, forget my fault,
Since I to do it by your Eyes was taught.

Favour me, Heav'n, in my Enterprize,
If I succeed not a kind Lover's Eyes.

Forget me, Madam, if I prove untrue;
Nay, blast me, Lightning, if I ever do.

Ravish'd by your rare Beauty, thus I bow;
This, I conceive, you'll to your Slave allow.

O, pardon me, thou fair, thou lovely Maid!
That thus my Soul's sweet Charmer I invade.

My Life and Fortunes, Madam, ever stand
To be dispos'd of, as you shall command.

If I offend, it is not with my Will;
Then spare the Man whose Soul conceives no ill.

If any Crime my rudeness durst commit,
I own my Fault, punish, as you think fit.

Be patient, Madam, since your Pow'r you know,
You may at leisure work my overthrow.

Madam,

Madam, if I am guilty, punish me;
Take your revenge, to die by you I'm free.

What have I done, dear Saint, to make you frown?
To make her sad, who all my Joys must crown.

Fame, Honour, Glory I to you resign,
You are my Sun, when you refused to shine,
Shades cover me, and I in darkness pine.

Pleas'd with your Smiles, I seek no further Joy;
Higher Ambition wou'd my Peace destroy.

Madam, your Beauty has me Pris'ner made;
What Force can stand, when Beauty does invade?

Madam, I'm launch'd i'th' Deep, you are the Sea;
Your Smiles and Frowns the Calms and Tempests be.

By your Consent how happy am I made,
I who of Life but late a glimm'ring had,
Am now, by all its Faculties, obey'd.

Come all you softer Beauties, come and see
How Love-united, kindly we agree,
And share the fruits of blest Eternity.

Fair Maid, forget my Crime, and never more
I will offend, but love you, and adore.

Madam, your Conquest is compleat, I yield,
And throwing down my Arms, will quit the Field,
For 'gainst your pointed Beauty there's no Shield.

Pardon the Man your Eyes have made your Slave,
And give him, Madam, but the pow'r to live.

Once I believ'd, fair Creature, I was free,
And cou'd your Eyes secure from danger see;
But fatal to my Peace, deceived was I,
For from them swiftly Death-love Arrows fly.

Since, Madam, I have ever constant prov'd,
I hope, I ought at least, to be belov'd
By her whose Breast a cruel thought ne'er mov'd.

*Mock-Complements, or Complements Burlesque,
in Trope and Figure.*

SIR, that you are great, we know; nor do's that moving Mountain of Flesh you carry about you demonstrate you otherwise.

Sir, how shall I be able to admire your ingenuity, seeing it is in all its effects invifible.

Sir, I wou'd lay my self at the feet of your understanding, if you wou'd be pleas'd to direct me by what marks, I shou'd know it; but otherwise, fearing to stumble upon your imbecillity, instead of it I am loath to hazard the committing an error in friendship; and till I am inform'd, I shall fufpend my further Complement.

Sir, the valuable esteem I have for your Person, makes me pity you, seeing your Body and your Soul are fo equally matched.

Great Sir, I lay my Littleness at your feet, and there I reft.

Sir, how happy wou'd they be that are rais'd to the heighth of expectation by your large promifes, did not you throw them from the Mountain of Hope, into the deep Valley of Defpair, by the unkind hand of the Monster non-performance.

Sir, you carry a Treasure about you that feems to deride the *Indies*; for your Face, if it deceives us not, may be taken for a Rock of Rubies.

I wou'd, Sir, with joy be proud of your friendship, if I thought it wou'd not be over-tedious.

Sir, you are as gay as the Bird that expands his gaudy Plumes to the Sun for Mortals to gaze and wonder at; and wife as the long-bill'd Creature, that fcorns out of a generous valiantness, to fhun the danger of the snare.

'Tis

'Tis impossible, Sir, but you shou'd be the dread of Mankind, since you are so fearfully made, that a Scare-crow is but a puny to you, and *Will-in-the-Wisp* but an Ideot.

Sir, you are pleasant, and wou'd be taken for a moving Comedy, did you live amongst the Wits.

Sir, great indeed have been my endeavours to screw my self into your acquaintance; since which time I may count my self happy in being made a Proficient in all the exalted Nonsense imaginable.

Good Sir, spare your cringing, and consider it is cast away on him that understands it not.

Sir, in your Anger you are as fierce, and altogether as dangerous, as the Stoutest Lion in *Smithfield-Pens*.

Pray Sir, may it please you, for the satisfaction of those that wish your Absence, to let me have the honour of conducting yon home.

Sir, I must confess you should be much admir'd for your ingenuity, breeding, and good parts, though the ungratefull World will allow nobody to have the happiness of admiring you but your self.

*Mock-Expressions, or Complements Burlesque,
to the Female Sex, &c.*

M Adam, your Beauties must needs be excellent, and like an *Ignus fatuis*, lead Mankind astray, since your Eyes have perpetual Twinkles, bright as Candles burnt within the Socket.

Madam, your Virtues are like the Phoenix, very rare to be found.

Kind Mistress, your favours are dispensed to all and so common, that no Man need fear in the least to participate of them.

Madam, the severity of your Countenance is a Scourge to Transgression ; for whosoever looks wishfully upon you in the very moment of his hot-boiling Blood, will be antidoted against Letchery.

Madam, the World must needs be melancholy when you are taken from it, seeing you are the Comedy of Mankind, and the Acting-Stage of Recreation.

Madam, the Rosey-colour of Brickbat, mixed with the Amber-colour of Cowslips, adorn your lovely face, and make it aimable to those that can contemplate and admire your Beauties.

Madam, the Ornament of your Hair hangs dangling like the Roots of Cedars ; and to catch Lovers, you expand it as the Spider do's her Web, to intrap the Flies, though not with that Caution ; for your Nets are so wide, that even the intangled Culleys creep through and escape.

Madam, that you have been Man's Meat, appears by the wanton twinkles of your Eyes, and the Ruines of a tollerable good Face ; but alas ! Time, that enemy to Beauty, has dried you to a Cinder, and left you only Desire, where you are not to be desired.

Madam, your Inclinations to pursue Virtue, appear in many things ; but you follow it with so slow a pace, that 'tis doubted by some whether you will ever over-take it.

Madam, we might, without doubt, have justly termed you fair, had not Deformity been unmannerly to take place of your Beauty.

Madam, your Gravity appears in every Action, since Time has been hasty to furrow your Face with wrinkl'd Honour, and reduced your Beauty to the Complexion of a blasted Oak.

Lady, the Toss you have with your Head, and that Jett with your Buttocks, denote you to be a Woman of fine-Breeding, and to have much Conversation with

with *French* Dancing-masters, who will have all the Wit to lye in Mimmick Postures, &c.

Lady, your Teeth in their yellowness exceed the Amber, and may be well compared to Crysolites.

Madam, the Scarlet-livory your Face wears, denotes you to be kind to your self in making glad your Heart, and casting away Care.

Madam, so great are the Obligations wherewith you have loaded me, that I must lay down my Burthen, or I shall faint under them.

Your Understanding, sweet Lady, has so large a Country to travel in, that it can rarely be found.

Madam, you have so far oblig'd me, that I must study the Art of Memory to retain the thoughts of your Obligations, lest they slip out of my mind, whilst you forget not to tax me with Ingratitude.

Madam, y're so lovely, sweet and charming, that I vow I cou'd spend at least half an hour to tell you how much I love you, did not important Business grudge me the loss of so much time.

Posies, or Motto's to be used on sundry occasions.

Madam, my Heart	Is your desert.
I'll constant be	Fair Maid to thee.
Whate'er I have,	Freely it crave.
Whom God has blest,	Let none molest.
Now we agree,	Let's married be.
To thee my Heart	I do impart,
This for ever	With the Giver.
Until I die	I'll constant be.
Fairest Creature	I'm your Debtor.
In Constancy	I'll live and die.
Let me not find	That ye're unkind.
Let us now haste,	The Minute's past.

Prepare with speed
 I will be true
 When false I am
 Be not unkind
 We'll happy live
 We'll live and love
 What here I give,
 No more I'll pine,
 Whate'er you say,
 Love do's invite,
 I live and move,

To be my Bride.
 To Love and you.
 I'll bear the blame
 Till Cause you find.
 Let whose will grieve.
 Till Death remove.
 My Dear receive.
 Since thou art mine.
 I will obey.
 Let us unite.
 But by your Love.

Read these, though divided, Cross-ways ; As ,
 Madam, my Heart Is your Desert, &c

Mournful Epethites.

FOr my sad Grief,
 I live in pain,
 'Tis my sad Heart,
 Be pleas'd to give
 Alas, I die !
 To be more kind,
 See cruel Fair,
 O, be more just !
 Death is more kind,
 My bleeding Heart
 O, let me go !
 What have I done
 O, save from Death !
 My Pain beguile
 In mercy save
 Long have I lov'd,
 O, let my Fate !
 O, can my Dear !

There's no relief.
 And love in vain.
 Do's feel the smart.
 Me leave to live.
 If you deny.
 You was design'd.
 How I despair.
 Or I am Dust.
 Than your hard mind.
 Is full of smart.
 To shades below.
 To set so soon.
 My fleeting Breath.
 With one kind smile.
 Me from my Grave.
 And constant prov'd.
 Have longer Date.
 Be still severe.

One Boon I crave,	Pity your Slave.
If Love is deny'd,	Death is my Bride.
This very hour	My Fate do's lower.
In pain I live,	In vain I grieve.
Unconstant Maid	My life do's fade.
Behold I come,	Kind Ghosts make room.

Read these as the former.

Short EPITAPHS.

Epitaph 1.

REader, this Marble claims, as Tribute due
To the dear memory of sacred Dust,
A Sigh at least, if not a Tear or two ;
The Good lies here, the Great, the Wise and Just.

Epitaph 2.

IN Honour's Bed he dy'd, whom here we lay,
Whilst his freed Soul mounts to Eternal Day ;
His Body Heav'n will only here intrust,
Yet will his Fame immortalize his Dust.

Epitaph 3.

WEep, weep no more, like those that vainly deem
'Tis loss to die, when to die well is gain :
The Glories of this World are but a Dream,
And all its gilded Pleasures only Pain.

Epitaph 4.

HIS Name shall live, his Works do speak his Fame,
Rescu'd from time, they shall his Worth proclaim.
Fame shall his Voucher to all Ages be,
Fame, that makes half the Orb of round Eternity,
Shall hug him close, and never let him dye.

The

The most Exact Collection of Choice
SONGS upon fundry Occasions, as they
are sung in Court, City and Country.

To the newest and most delightful Tunes, &c.

Britain's Delight : A new Song.

(1.)

(plain,

Let the Swains now no more of their hardship com-
Great *Pan* in his Glory amongst them do's reign
To guard their choice Flocks from the Wolves that of
Lay howling and proling at e'ery Fold-gate; (late
He frights too the Foxes, that from the kind Dams
Were wonted so sily to steal the poor Lambs.

(2.)

(near

Tho' the Bear he do's grunt, yet he dares not come
Since *Pan*, mighty *Pan* in the Field do's appear,
He makes an *Arcadia* of *Britain's* fair Isle,
And gives her Repose whilst the World is in toil :
His Thunder abroad speaks the Ruin and Woe
Of the proudest that dare to proclaim him our Foe.

(3.)

Let us joy, let us joy then, and eccho his Praise,
Who ventures his Life to procure us good days;
Let the Trumpets breathe loud both his Honour and
Who pushes on bravely thro' Bullets and Flame, (Fame,
For the Honour of *England's* old Fame and Renown,
New Valour revives with a fresh Lawrel-Crown.

The wandering Lover return'd to Constancy: A new Song.

Man.

C Hear up *Sylva*, now no more repine,
Thou hast o'recome, the Palm is only thine;
Thy Love has conquer'd, and I yield to thee,
Thou near my Heart shalt always placed be:
Fear thou no Rival ever to come there,
A growing Empire of Affections share.

Woman.

Cou'd I be sure your Love wou'd constant grow,
I'd break the Chains of melancholy Woe;
And count this ever my most happy Day,
But, ah, alas! you often thus did say;
Whilst you take pride to cast your Eyes about,
And for new Beauties ever bid them scout.

Man.

I must confess, dear *Sylva*, this is true,
But now I come to build my Nest with you;
Call in those Wanderers, and ever prove
As constant as the Turtle in my Love.
Thy Patience has o'recome my wild Desire,
And now we'll love till Love can grow no higher.

Woman.

If this wondrous Change in you I find,
I'll thank the Powers above that have been kind,
To work a Miracle upon the Man
By whose unkindness I was near undone.

Man.

In other Language I'll express the rest,
Come to my Arms, and as you wish, be blest.

What

What he wou'd be at : A pleasant Song.

DO not ask me, charming *Phillis*,
 Why I lead you here alone
 By this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
 And these Roses newly blown ;
 'Tis not to behold the Beauty
 Of these Flowers that crown the Spring ;
 'Tis to—— but I know my Duty,
 And I dare not name the thing.

'Tis at worst but her denying,
 Why should I thus fearful be,
 Every Minute gently flying,
 Smiles and says, make use of me.
 What the Sun does to these Roses,
 Whilst the Beams play sweetly in,
 I wou'd—— but my fear opposes,
 And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die, if I conceal it ;
 Ask my Eyes, and ask your own ;
 And if neither dare reveal it ;
 Think what Lovers think alone.
 On this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
 Might I speak what I wou'd do,
 I wou'd, I wou'd with lovely *Phillis* ;
 Ah—— wou'd you, wou'd you, wou'd you so.

Advice to young Men : A new Song.

IF *Fove* be propitious, and *Funo* prove kind,
 You may in your Age have a Wife to your mind,

Chaste

Chaste, wise, beauteous, gay as the Bloom in the Spring,
Free from scolding and pouting, or any such thing
That without coyness, cries, Cast away Sorrow,
Prepare, O prepare to be happy to morrow:
We'll live, and we'll love, O for ever in peace,
Tho' envy'd, our Love shall never decrease.

Then despair not, kind Youths, nor repine at your Fate,
For you may be marry'd, tho' it be but late;
A Critical moment there is, if well-taken,
To court a kind fair One, and ne'er be forsaken;
Improve then that Minute, if you wou'd be blest;
A good Wife to find is a Phoenix's Nest.
With Spices, and plenty of Odours still built;
But beware you mistake not in chusing a Jilt.

For the sly Fowler can no such snares lay
For the silly Birds, too too eager of Prey,
As Females to trap us, do scatter about,
They yield in denial, in yielding they flout;
Sometimes they will feign they are dying for Love,
And in the next moment unconstant they'll prove:
Now sigh and seem sick, and anon they will fly ye,
But she is the best that does modestly try ye.

The well-pleas'd Lover: A new Song.

Come drown your Sorrows, Care be gone,
There no Cause is of complaining;
For see the Nymph comes kindly on,
Free from Pride, and rash disdain;
In her Eyes kind Cupid revels,
And is ever, ever charming:
At a thousand Hearts he levels,
Yet her Smiles his Shafts disarming.

His

His potent Fires not wing'd with Pain,
 Carry but an easie smarting,
 And give no Cause for to complain,
 Tho' his Aim it still is certain
 All his Arrows bring us pleasure,
 As a pleasing Sky unclouded ;
 Her bright Beauty, Glories, Treasure
 Meet the Lover all unshrouded.

The Souldiers Resolution and Delight : A new Song.

HArk, brave Boys, the Cannons roar
 From the Warlike Flemish Shoar,
 Our conquering Arms prevailing ;
 Poor Monsieur flies with piteous Cries,
 His Wealth and Courage failing.
 The Storm of War drives on apace,
 Each Souldier wishes Battel,
 Whilst great *William* gives the chase,
 His Drums do bravely rattle.

(2.)

Death in triumph scow'rs the Field,
 Our Enemies they faintly yield,
 And leave their daring standing,
 Begar, says one, Let us begone,
 King *William* is commanding.
 In storms of Flame the Bullets fly,
 Our Men neglect their firing ;
 Why should we thus stand here to die,
 Poor *France* is now expiring.

The false Fair One : a new Song.

I Wish, and I sigh, and I languish all day,
 Yet the cruel Nymph, with disdain, does say nay :

She

She tells me with scorn I must yield to my Fate,
And if I pursue her must suffer her hate;
'Tis better to *Mars* than to *Venus* to bow,
But I am intangl'd, I yet know not how.

The Snare is too strong, and I cannot it break,
Once more I must hear the fair Charmer to speak;
If Cruelty still in her Breast does remain,
It is better to fight than be foolishly slain;
To die in Love's Combate no Glory does yield,
More Honour is got for to fall in the Field:

The Hero's of old did such weakness despise,
They thought it ignoble to die by the Eyes
Of a Female, and languishing at her proud Feet,
In whining and pining their Fate there to meet;
I'll ask her once more, and if then she deny,
In Battel I'll chuse far more bravely to die.

Invitation to Pleasure : A new Song.

Come my Dearest, come away
To the Field, and to the Grove,
There we'll kindly sport and play,
And tell long Stories of our Love.
The Birds in tuneful Notes shall sing,
Whilst you lie clasped in my Arms,
God *Cupid* he shall Tribute bring,
As they decay, to fire your Charms,

Whilst panting on your Breasts I lie,
Amidst a thousand Blissess,
When Pleasure makes us faint and die,
We will revive with Kisses.

Yet

Yet but revive to die again
 In Raptures of delight ;
 For who in such a pleasing Pain
 W'ont wish to take his flight.

The Fickle Mistress, or, mournful Gallant: A new Song.

False and fickle as the Wind,
 Is the Lass I do admire,
 When I expect her to be kind,
 She to another do's retire ;
 Constant in nothing,
 But still a loathing,
 Nothing long can please her charming Mind:

(2.)

With each silly strutting Fop
 That in the Streets do's flutter,
 She is so mainly taken up,
 And loves to hear him chatter.
 That all my Passion
 Seems out of fashion,
 Jealousie imbitters every drop.

(3.)

○ that I my Heart had held
 From one that do's abuse it ;
 And for my Love no Love will yield,
 But still do's more misuse it :
 Then I in pleasure
 Had found a Treasure ;
 But now with Sorrow I am almost kill'd.

The Loving Shepherdes and kind Shepherd : A new Song.

When Doris wandring o're the Plain,
 Young Strephon had espy'd,
 Much taller than each other Swain,
 And in his youthful Pride.

Love

Love sent his Dart in at her Eyes,
Which thence went to her Heart,
She found all o'er a strange Surprize
Which she durst not impart :

But struggled kindly with the flame
That inly burnt her Breast,
In Sighs she did her Grief proclaim,
But yet her Voice suppress,
Till the kind Shepherd drawing near,
Well mark'd her troubl'd Mind,
And then embrac'd his amorous Dear,
And swore he would prove kind.

The Lover's Happiness: A new Song.

(1.)

ALL Joy to Mortals, Joy and Mirth,
Eternal Joys we sing ;
The God of Love descends to Earth,
His Darts have lost their Sting.
The Youth shall now complain no more
On *Sylvia's* needless scorn ;
But she shall love, if he adore,
And melt when he do's burn.

(2.)

The Nymph no longer shall be shy,
But leave the Jilting Road,
And *Daphne* now no more shall fly
The wounded panting God :
But all shall be serene and fair,
No sad Complaints of Love
Shall fill the gentle whispering Air,
No ecchoing Sighs the Grove.

Be-

134 *The Triumph of Wit, or,*

(3.)

Beneath the Shades young *Strephon* lyes,
Of all his With possest,
Gazing on *Sylva's* charming Eyes,
Whose Soul is there confest.
All soft and sweet the Maid appears,
With looks that know no Art;
And though she yields with trembling fears,
She yields with all her heart.

The Lovely Thief surpriz'd: A Song.

(1.)

F Air and soft *Corinda* came,
When night had mantl'd up the day;
But oh! her Eyes they darted flame,
That her approach did soon betray.
She, like kind *Cynthia*, thought to steal
From me an Am'rous kiss, or twain;
But she such beauty to conceal,
The shades Darkneſs had implor'd in vain.

(2.)

For as she undiscover'd thought,
With easie steps to make retreat,
The lovely Thief I kindly caught,
And softly did the Charmer greet.
Ah! Why, said I, do you take pains
Thus to defraud me of a kiss,
When still it in your power remains,
To be the Mistress of a greater bliss.

(3.)

She blush'd and sigh'd at the surprize,
Look'd down, and knew not what to say;
And strove to hide her pritty Eyes,
And fain she wou'd have gone away:
But in my Arms the lovely Maid,
Clad in her soft temptation, I

Held

Held fast, till her Love's Flame, betray'd,
The grand Existence of his Joys to try.

The Triumph: A Song.

(1.)

LET murmuring Lovers no longer repine,
But their Hearts and their Voices advance ;
Let the Nymphs and the Swains in their kind Chorus
And the Satyrs and Fauns in a Dance. (joyn,
Let Nature put on her Beauty of May,
And the Fields and the Meadows adorn,
Let the Woods and the Mountains resound with the joy
And the Eccho's with Triumph return.

(2.)

Since *Aminta* the fair One is mine, and no more,
I now shall have cause to be sad ;
But in Joys we will revel, and never give o're,
Till the World it shall think we are mad :
Yet we care not who thinks, let it be what it will,
Our Pleasures all thought shall exceed,
A true Lover's Pleasure when envy'd will swell,
And the more 'tis disturbed, will breed.

The New Transport: A Song.

WHEN *Amintas* lay prest in the Arms he lov'd best,
With his hands round her Neck, and his head on
He found the first Pleasures to stray, (her Breast,
And his Soul in a Tempest was flying away.
When *Sylva* saw this, with a Sigh and a Kiss,
She cry'd, O my Dear, am I robb'd of my Bliss !
'Twas unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done
To leave me behind you, and die all alone.
The Youth tho' in haste, and breathing his last,
In pity dy'd slowly, whilst she dy'd more fast ;

Till

Till at length she cry'd, Now my Love, now let me go
 Now dye my *Amintas*, and I will dye too.
 Thus intranc'd they did lye, till *Amintas* did try,
 To recover his breath, that again he might dye.
 Thus often they dy'd ; Oh, the more they did so,
 The Nymph dy'd more quick, and the Shepherd more
 (slow.

The Marry'd Man's Comfort : A Song.

TO Friend and to Foe,
 And to all that I know,
 That to Marriage Estate do prepare ;
 Remember your days in your several ways,
 Are trouble, with sorrow and care :
 For he that doth look
 In the marry'd Man's book,
 And read but the *Items* all over,
 Shall find 'em to come,
 At length to a sum,
 Shall empty Purse, Pocket, and Coffer.
 In Pastimes of Love,
 When their Labour doth prove,
 And the Kinchin beginneth to kick,
 For this and for that
 And I know not for what
 The Woman must have or be sick.
 There's *Item* set down,
 For a loose-body'd Gown,
 In her Longing you must not deceive her,
 For a Bodkin, a Ring,
 And the other fine thing,
 For a Cornet and Lace to be braver.
 Deliver'd, and well,
 Who is't cannot tell,
 That whilst the Child lyes at the Nipple ;

There's

There's *Item* for Wine,
 'Mongst Gossips so fine,
 And Sugar to sweeten their Tipple.
 There's *Item* I hope,
 For Starch and for Soap ;
 There's *Item* for Fire and Candle ;
 For better for worse,
 There's *Item* for Nurse,
 The Baby to dress and to dandle.
 When swadd'd in Lap,
 There's *Item* for pap,
 And *Item* for Pot, Pan, and Ladle ;
 A Coral with Bells,
 Which custome compells,
 And *Item* a Crown for a Cradle.
 With twenty odd knacks,
 Which the little One lacks,
 And thus doth thy pleasure betray thee ;
 Yet this is the sport,
 In Country and Court,
 Then let not the Charges dismay thee.

Beauties Ruin : A Song.

(1.)

WHEN *Dorinda* first I courted,
 She had Charms, and Beauty too ;
 Conquering Pleasures when she sported,
 The Transport it was ever new :
 But wastfull time do's now deceive her,
 Which her Glories did uphold ;
 All her Arts can ne'er relieve her,
 Poor *Dorinda* is grown Old.

(2.)

The Airy Spirits which invited
 Are retir'd, and move no more ;

G

And

And thole Eyes are now benighted,
 Which were Diamonds heretofore.
 Want of Charms, abate her Merits,
 Yet I've Passion for her Name ;
 Only kind and Amorous Spirits
 Kindle and maintain a flame.

The Melancholly Lover : A Song.

1.

Farewell my hopes, welcome, welcome despair,
 Death now must free my weary Soul from care :
 Lost and forlorn, I sigh and mourn,
 Wrapp'd as it were in Clouds of fears,
 I'm ever drowning in salt Seas of Tears ;
 Where Constancy once seem'd to have a place,
 That Vertue's stain'd to hers, and my disgrace.

2.

In some dark mournful Grave or gloomy Cell,
 The small remainder of my life I'll dwell ;
 Where every day, I'll pine away,
 Her Vows are broke, my Memory's forgot,
 'Tis time I stoop then to my cruel lot.
 Adieu the Pleasures of the World, adieu,
 Since she I lov'd, I find, ah me, untrue.

The Parley : A Song.

3.

How happy, Phillis were we free,
 Might our Enjoyments prove ;
 But you with former Jealousie,
 Are still tormenting Love.

2.

Let us, since Wit instructs us how,
 Raise pleasure to the top ;

If

If Rival bottle you allow,
I'll suffer Rival fop.

3.

There's not a brisk insipid Fop
That flutters in the Town,
But with your wanton Eyes you mark
The Coxcomb for your own.

4.

You never think it worth your care,
How empty, nor how dull
The Heads of your Admirers are,
So that their Purse be full.

5.

All this you freely may confess,
Yet we'll not disagree ;
For did you love your Pleasure less,
You were not fit for me.

6.

Whilst I my Passion to pursue,
Whole nights am taking in,
The lusty Juyce of Grapes take you,
You know well what I mean.

The Victory, or Beauties Conquest: A Song

1.

TO this moment, a Rebel, I throw down my Arms,
Great love at first fight of *Dorinda's* bright charms,
Made proud and secure by such forces as these,
You may now play the Tyrant as long as you please.

2.

When innocent Beauty and Wit do conspire,
To betray, and ingage, and inflame my desire.
Why shou'd I decline what I cannot avoid,
And let pleasing hope by base fear be destroy'd.

G 2

3. Her

3.

Her Innocence cannot contrive to undoe me ;
 Her Beauty's inclin'd, or why shou'd it pursue me.
 And Wit has to Pleasure been ever a friend ;
 Then what room for despair, since delight is love's end?

4.

There can be no danger in sweetness and youth,
 Where Love is secur'd by good nature and truth.
 On her Beauty I'll gaze, and of Pleasures complain,
 Whilst every kind look adds a link to my Chain.

5.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprize,
 But her Wit leads in triumph the slaves of her Eyes.
 I beheld with the loss of my freedom before,
 But hearing for ever must serve and adore.

6.

Too bright is my Goddess, her Temple too weak ;
 Retire, divine Image, I feel my heart break.
 Help, help, I dissolve in a Rapture of Charms,
 At the thought of those Joys I shou'd find in her Arms

The Shepherd's Delight: A new Song.

I.

HOW happy we live, while our Flocks we do feed,
 And cheer up our hearts with the Musick o'th' Reed
 On the Mountains or Plains in the Meads or the Groves,
 We court, and we sport, and each kisses his Love.
 Then Garlands of Flowers they make for his Head,
 That pleasest 'em best, and the Table is spread
 On the Laps of the Nymphs, and with hourly good
 We there sit contented, devoid of all fear. (cheer,

2.

Whilst others that think themselves splendid and great,
 Are toss'd and turmoil'd in the Matters of State:
 No Life than a Shepherds, more happy can be,
 Who lives in Content, and from trouble is free ;

Who

Who makes not his Soul a dull slave unto treasure,
But sings in cool shades, and by streams take his plea-
Before him the Lambs they do frisk, and do play, (sure.
Till home he do's drive 'em at closing of day.

3.

The Larks in the Morning salutes him with Songs,
And the rest of the Quire do's fly round him in throngs
When sleep'd in the Dew, that the Night do's refine,
He's more plump and jolly than Lads soak'd in Wine.
The Flow'r's of the Field, they contribute their sweet,
Spread trees are his Canopy, shelter from heat;
And purling soft Waters his Thirst do allay,
And thus he lives merry as long as the day.

The Night-Adventure: A new Song.

I.

WHEN gilded with her gaudy fires,
Heav'n's azure Canopy appear'd,
Just when the Sun from us retires,
And by't the Indian World is cheer'd.
Walking abroad to scent the sweet,
That do's from Earth's great Altar rise,
In gentle breathings I did meet,
More bright than Stars, two starry Eyes,

2.

Plac'd in a lower Heaven, yet none
More tempting fair than these above;
Their influence more they made me own,
As fixed in the Sphere of Love.
Amaz'd, and pleas'd at what I view'd,
I steer'd long by their beaming Light;
But, like false fires, they me delude,
Vanish, and left me lost in night.

3.

Since which I nightly view the train,
That on their mystick Movements rowl;

*Ariadne's Crown, and Charles's Wain,
And both the Bears plac'd near the Pole.*

Bernice's hair, Andromache,

*The Virgin Spike, and all the rest,
But cannot find where she shou'd be,
Who by her Influence rules my breast.*

The Amorous Courtier : A new Song.

Why are my Eyes still flow ——— ing ?
Why do's my Heart thus trembling move,
Why do I sigh when go ——— ing,
to see the darling Saint I love ?
Ah! she's my Heav'n, and in my Eye
Love's Dei ——— ty :

There is no Life like what she can give,
Nor any Death like taking my leave.

2.

Tell me no more of Glo ——— ry,
to Court's Ambition I've resign'd,
But tell a long long Sto ——— ry,
of *Calia's* shape, her face and mind :
Speak too of Raptures, that wou'd Life destroy,
to en ——— joy.

Had I a Diadem, Scepter and Ball,
For that dear Minute I'd part with 'em all.

The Loyalist : A Song.

Happy, happy may he Reign,
that do's now the Scepter sway,
Our Liberties still to maintain,
and may his Subjects all obey.
Let each one strive to merit most,
in constant Loyalty and Love ;

And

And may Division be divorc'd,
And we no more of it approve.

2.

That each secure beneath his Vine,
with Peace and Plenty may be blest,
And never cause have to repine,
but there supinely take his rest.

Calm as Summer's Noon-tyde Air,
May all our thoughts and actions be
Still free from foul distrust and fear,
hence forward live in unity.

The Daughters Request.

1.

OH, Mother! Roger with his Kisses
Almost stopp'd my breath I vow;
He almost gripes my hands to pieces,
Yet he swears he loves me too:

Tell me Mother, Pray now doe,

Pray now, pray now, pray now doe,

What Roger means when he do's so,

For ne'er stir I long to know.

2.

He sets me on his Lap whole hours,

With eager looks he me devours,

Kisses me, and stroaks my Breast,

Feels my Thighs, and wou'd the rest:

Tell me, Mother, pray now do,

Pray now, pray now, pray now do,

What Roger means when he do's so,

For ne'er stir I long to know.

He gives me Cream and Strawberries,
And always gazes on my Eyes;

Commends my handsome Leg and Foot,
And sighs for something I have got :

Tell me, Mother, pray now doe,

Pray now, pray now, pray now doe,

What Roger means when he do's so,

For ne'er stir I long to know.

The Conquest of Coyneſs: A Song.

1.
AS Cloris full of harmleſs thoughts,
beneath the Myrtle lay,
Kind Love a youthfull Shepherd brought,
to paſs the time away.

2.
She bluſht to be encounter'd ſo,
and chid the Amorous Swain;
But as ſhe ſtrove to riſe and go,
he pull'd her down again.

3.
A ſudden Paſſion ſeiz'd her Heart,
in ſpite of her diſdain;
She found a Pulse in every Part,
and Love in every Vein.

4.
Ah Gods, ſaid ſhe, what Charms are theſe,
that conquer and ſurprize;
Ah ! let me ——— for unleſs you pleaſe,
I have no power to riſe.

5.
She fainting ſpoke, and trembling lay,
for fear ſhe ſhould comply:
Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray,
and give her Tongue the lye.

Thus

Thus she whom Princes had deny'd,
with all their Pomp and Train,
Was in a lucky Minute try'd,
and yielded to a Swain.

The Down-right Courtier to his Coy Mistress: A Song.

1.

PRay, Madam, leave this peevish Fashion,
and ne'er desire to be high priz'd;
Love, it is a Princely Passion,
and is angry when despis'd.
Though men say ye're fair, 'tis true,
We your Beauty yet bestow,
For our Fancy makes it so.

2.

Then be'nt proud 'cause we adore you,
we do't only for our pleasure;
All those parts in which you glory,
we by fancy weigh and measure.
When for Goddesses you go,
For Angels or for Queens, pray know,
'Tis our Fancies make you so.

3.

Suppose not then your Majesty,
by Tyranny's best signify'd;
And your Angellick Natures be,
Distinguish'd only by your Pride.
Tyrants make Subjects Rebels grow,
And Pride lost Angels down did throw,
Beware your Pride don't serve you so.

The Comparison: A Song.

1.

How blest was the created state
of Man and Woman e'er they fell,

Compar'd to our unhappy state,
What need we fear another Hell.

(2.)

Naked beneath cool shades they lay,
Enjoyment waited on desire ;
All active did their Wills obey,
Nor cou'd a wish set pleasure higher.

(3.)

But we poor slaves to hope and fear,
Are never of our Joys secure ;
They lessen still as they draw near,
And none but dull delights endure.

(4.)

Then *Gloris*, whilst I duly pay
The noble Tribute of my Heart ;
Bean't you so vain to say,
You love me for a frailer part.

The Fovial Boys : A Song.

1.

Come fill us a Bumper to *Bacchus*,
Let us be free in our doing ;
Let Sorrow and Grief ne'er o'ertake us,
Damn the fond trouble of Wooing :
Whilst our Glasses are crown'd,
And Liquors abound,
We'll brave the fond Boy and his Arrows ;
In drinking there is a pleasure,
But Love is a folly will Marr us,
Both wasting our Bodies and Treasure.

2.

Then Round let it go as a circle,
Since Women such Puny toys are ;
More charms are in Wine that do's sparkle,
Than e'er in a Mistress Eyes were :

Come

Come then put 'em about,
We'll see 'em all out,
And when they are so, we'll recruit 'em;
Though Women we once did adore,
These Reasons they now shall confute 'em,
We will be such Asses no more.

The Indifferent Lover : A Song.

I.

WHilst on those lovely Eyes I gaze,
To see a Wretch pursuing,
In Raptures of a blest amaze,
His pleasing happy Ruin.
'Tis not for pity that I move,
His Fate is too aspiring;
Who heart-broke with a load of Love,
Dyes wishing and admiring.

2.

But if his Death you can forgo,
Your Slave from Death removing;
Let me your Art of Charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving:
But whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal measure;
The Victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquish'd dyes with pleasure.

The Amorous Lover's Advice to his Mistress : A Song.

I.

LET Love, and let Beauty, each other embrace,
'Tis scorn and disdain spoils the charms of a Face.
That Breast which contains the blest warmth of desire,
Will rejoyce at the sence of so pleasing a fire;
Which to make Mortals happy, is sent from above,
'Tis a sin to be nice, but a pleasure to love.

How

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How happy are those who by Nature enjoy
The innocent sport, for which others seem coy;
They'll receive mighty Love at the Eye with a smile,
And sweetly permit him the Heart to beguile.
O! then with a Sigh, how they hug the soft Chain,
And wish that it ne'er may forsake 'em again.

The Lovers excuse: A Song.

^{1.}
THyrsis, unjustly you complain,
And tax my tender Heart
With want of pity for your pain,
Or sense of your desert,

^{2.}
By secret and mysterious springs,
Alas, our Passions move;
We Women are Phantastick things,
That like before we love.

^{3.}
You may be handsome, and have wit,
Be secret, and well-bred;
The Person loved must to us fit,
He only can succeed.

^{4.}
Some dye, yet never are believ'd;
Others we trust too soon,
Helping our selves to be deceiv'd,
And proud to be undone.

The Constant Lover's Complaint: A Song.

^{1.}
I Cannot change as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn;
Since the poor Swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.

No,

No *Phillis*, no, your Heart to move,
A surer way I'll try;
And to revenge my slighted Love,
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

When kill'd with Grief, *Amintas* lies,
And you to mind shall call,
The Sighs that now unpitied rise,
The tears that vainly fall.
That welcome hour that ends the smart,
Will then begin your Pain;
For such a faithful tender Heart
Can never break in vain.

The Bouncing Bully: A new Song.

When first I made love to my *Cloris*,
Cannon-Oaths I brought down
To batter the Town,
And I fill'd her with glorious Stories.

Billet-Doux, like small Shot, did ply her,
And sometimes a Song
Went whizzing along,
But still I was never the nigher.

At last she sent word by a Trumpet,
If I lik'd that Life,
She wou'd be my Wife,
But never be any Man's Strumpet.

I told her *Mars* wou'd not marry,
And swore by my scars,
Single Combats and Wars,
I'd sooner dig stones in a Quarry.

Content is true Happiness: A new Song.

1.

Come leave your Care, and love your Friend,
 Live freely, don't despair;
 Of getting Money there's no end,
 And keeping it breeds care.
 If you have Money at your need,
 Good-fellows, and good Wine;
 His Life whose Joys on Wealth do feed,
 Is dull, compar'd with thine.

2.

I can enjoy my self and Friends,
 Without Design or Fear;
 Below their Envy, or base Ends,
 That Politicians are.
 I neither toil, nor care, nor grieve,
 To gather, keep, or lose;
 With freedom and content I live,
 And what's my own I use.

3.

Whilst men blow up their strong Desires
 Of Riches or Renown,
 Though ne'er so high, wou'd still be higher,
 So tumble head-long down:
 For Princes Smiles turn oft to Frowns,
 And Favours fade each hour;
 He that to day heaps Towns on Towns,
 To morrow may be Poor.

4.

All that we get by all our Store,
 'S Honour or Dominion,
 The one's but Trouble varnish'd ore,
 The t'other but Opinion.
 Fate rules the Roast, Times always change,
 'Tis Fancy builds all things;

How

How madly then our Minds do range,
Since all we grasp hath Wings.

5.

Those empty terms of Rich and Poor,
Comparison hath fram'd ;

He hath not much, that covets more,
Want is but Will nick-nam'd.

If I can safely think, and live,
And freely laugh and sing ;

My Wealth I'll not for *Cæsus* give,
Nor change for any thing.

The Hero : A new Song.

1.

THe Courts of fond *Cupid* I ever did scorn,
Nor cou'd *Venus's* softness invite me ;

The Charms and Perfections that Beauties adorn,
Ne'er yet had power to delight me.

The sound of the Trumpet, the rattling Drum,
And the noise of the Cannon, where flaming,

On spread-wings of fire Death in Triumph do's come,
In Thunder his Terror proclaiming.

2.

Where drawn-Swords, like Comets, enlighten the Plain,
And the Musick's the Groans of the Dying ;

The Ramparts are only the heaps of the slain,
And nothing ignoble but flying.

To the Field (my kind Mistress) like this I will haste,
Where Fame, Honour, Glory are waiting ;

Whilst Love from my Arms with disdain I will cast,
As not worth a Soldier's debating.

Mariana's Complaint : A new Song.

1.

Consider, Maidens, that are young,
And yet are blooming in your prime,

Left

Left Man's soft charming Tongue
 Steal your weak Hearts by stealing Time;
 For whilst you think you moments spend,
 That harmlesly away do slide;
 Love do's a strong Contagion send,
 Which, senseless, through your Heart do's glide.

2.

Whilst e'ry part within conspires,
 To entertain the subtle Foe,
 Which by degrees breeds strange desires,
 Till it your Peace quite over-throw.
 And your dear Freedom lay in Chains,
 Make you a Captive to false Man;
 Who when ye're fetter'd, flights your Pains,
 And grows more proud that ye're undone.

3.

Then fly, then fly, when they draw near,
 Believe not what they smoothly say;
 For tho' they vow, protest and swear,
 Yet in that breath they'll you betray.
 'Tis at your Honour that they aim,
 And when they once have gain'd the prize,
 No more they burn, no more they flame,
 No more the false Dissembler dies.

4.

But make ill-natur'd Jest, and leave
 The too fond Maid they work'd upon,
 Gentle and easie to deceive
 They count her when she is undone.
 Alas, by me example take;
 The dear-lov'd Man I did adore,
 My ruin'd Honour does forsake,
 Forgetting all the Love he swore.

The

The Maiden's Grief: A new Song.

1.

A Curse upon the faithless Maid,
Who first her Sex's Liberty betray'd;
Born free as Men to love and range,
Till nobler Nature did to Custom change.
Custom, that dull excuse of Fools,
Who think all Virtue to consist in Rules.

2.

From Love our Fetters never sprung,
That smiling God all wanton, gay and young,
Shows by his Wings he cannot be
Confin'd to restless Slavery;
But here and there at random roves,
Not fix'd to glitt'ring Courts or shady Groves.

3.

Then she that Constancy profess,
Was but a well Dissembler at the best;
And that imaginary sway
She feign'd to give, in seeming to obey,
Was but the height of prudent Art
To deal with greater liberty her Heart.

The Invitation to Live: A Song.

1.

Pretty Peggy, grant to me
One sweet Kiss to prove me;
If I stick not close to thee,
As the Woodbine to the tree,
May'st thou never love me.

2.

Passion is a simple thing,
That will ne'er content ye;
It will never pleasure bring,
But will leave behind a Ring,
That will still torment ye.

Love

3.

Love that brisk and airy is,
 Brings a Lady Pleasure ;
 But if dull our Blood will freeze,
 Which will make you by degrees
 To repent at leasure.

4.

Heighten'd Love does still beget
 Torment to the Master ;
 For Jealousie is such a cheat,
 No Physician e'er cou'd yet
 Find for it a Plaster.

5.

Anger still does stir up Love ,
 And encrease the fancy ;
 If 't be moderate you'll prove,
 'Tis the only sphere to move
 In, for to advance you.

To Flora : A Song.

1.

JOy to the Darling of loud Fame,
 Whose early Beauties in their bloom ;
 Nature's Riches do proclaim,
 And find in all our Hearts a Room.

2.

If so in Infancy you wound,
 If such sharp-pointed Darts you wear ;
 Your Beauty when by years 'tis crown'd,
 Must needs the wonder of the World appear.

4.

See how the Stars shine in the Skies,
 Seeding the Firmament with Light ;
 So shine in Beauty's World your Eyes,
 Though they keep off the Shades of Night.

The

4.
The feeble Stars suffer the shade,
the lower World to over-run ;
But where your Eyes the Lights are made,
they keep off Darkneſs like the Sun.

Againſt Drunkenneſs: A Song.

1.

ALl you that in Tipling take delight,
come unto my Ditty give ear ;
All you that do' Revel and roar in the night,
and put ſober people in fear.

2.

Fiſt you your Money in Vanity ſpend ,
which if you did husband it well ;
In time of diſtreſs wou'd be a ſure friend,
and all thoſe that flatter excell.

3.

The next you your healths and your wits do confound,
and are by ſtrange Witchcraft poſſeſt ;
For he whoſe ſenſes in Liquor are drown'd,
he changes the Man to the beaſt.

4.

The Drunkard in quarrels do's likewise engage,
by which comes much trouble and harm ;
And renders himſelf the fool on the Stage,
whiſt Coxcombs ſhall laugh him to ſcorn.

5.

If Marry'd he be, and Drunk do's rowl home,
then there is another plague yet ;
So feebly he works in his Wives private Room,
that nothing but Girls he can get.

6.

Which now as times go, will never rub off,
unleſs he can Portions provide ;
But how can he do it that daily do's Quaff,
and pours his Eſtate in his Hide.

More

7.

More mischief remains, for when all is done,
and he offers to go on the score ;
His Host he don't know him, but bids him begone,
like a beggarly Son of a Wh——.

8.

Then he with Duke *Humphry* must look for a Cup,
and pinch and repine when too late ;
Tell trees for his Dinner, and sup with a Chop,
and this is the Drunkards just fate.

The Forsaken Mistress : A Song.

1.

With praise of my beauty and sighs he did wooe me,
And hasty a while for my Love did pursue ;
But proud of my Conquest, and proud of my Game,
I slighted his Courtship, and laugh'd at his Flame.
Yet now I repent that I answer'd him no,
Since from a kind Lover he's turn'd to a foe :
*But he's a mere Fop, and a Coxcomb at best,
When a Woman says no, will not take it in jest.*

2.

My Eyes then were Stars, and my Cheeks he call'd Roses,
But now they're debas'd, and my Nose but my Nose is.
He prais'd e'ery part, and extoll'd 'em above
Fair *Helena's*, or the bright Goddess of Love :
But a shame of him now, for a subtil false Knave,
Denial has freed him that late was my slave :
*Yet he's a meer Fop, and a Coxcomb at best,
When a Woman says no, will not take it in jest.*

3.

Yet Lasses be wise, when the Lad wou'd be kind,
And let him all freedom and courtesie find ;
For troth the next Youngster I take in my Gin,
Shall find me more yielding than yet I have been.

I'N

I'll give him no time for to gaze on new faces,
But lock him up close in my kindest embraces.
Yet he's a meer Fop, and a Coxcomb at best,
When a Woman says no, will not take it in jest.

4.

I'll hug him securely with Joy in my Arms,
And heighten his pleasure by force of my Charms.
On Earth's flow'ry Beds we imbracing will lye,
And there in soft Murmurs full often we'll dye:
But dye to new live, when reviv'd by the flame,
That kindl'd our Passion, and so dye again:
Yet he's a meer Fop, and a Coxcomb at best,
When a Woman says no, will not take it in jest.

The Parting Farewell: A Song.

1.

TIS not that I am weary grown,
Of being yours, and yours alone,
But with what face can I incline,
To keep you to be only mine.
You whom some kinder power did fashion,
By Merit, and by Inclination,
The joy at least of one whole Nation.

2.

Let meaner spirits of your Sex,
With humbler aims their thoughts perplex;
And boast, if by their Arts they can,
Contrive to make one happy Man.
Whilst moved by an impartial sence,
Favours, like Nature, you dispence,
With universal Influence.

3.

See the kind Seed receiving Earth,
To every grain affords a Birth;
On her no showers unwelcome fall,
Her willing womb retains 'em all.

And

And shall my *Celia* be confin'd?
No, live up to thy mighty mind,
And be the Mistress of Mankind.

*The Lover's Complaint to his Scornfull Mistress,
A new Song.*

1.
AH, *Cloris*, pity, or I dye,
the wound admits no cure;
All Arts to ease my pain I try,
and find all Arts but poor:
You in your power the Cordial have
alone that gives relief;
Ah *Cloris*, lovely *Cloris* save,
or else I dye with grief.

2.
Your Eyes shoot lightning through my heart
your frowns raise in my breast
A dismal storm, arm'd with a Dart,
your scorn murders my rest.
I pine and sigh, alas, in vain,
a fever burns within;
Without I struggle with disdain,
but can no favour win.

Yet cannot change as others doe,
though you unjustly scorn,
Since the poor Swain that sighs for you,
for you alone was born.
No *Cloris*, no, your heart to move,
a surer way I'll try;
And to revenge my slighted love,
will still love on and dye.
When kill'd with grief *Amintas* lyes,
and you to mind shall call

The Sighs that now unpity'd rise,
the Tears that vainly fall;
That welcome hour that ends his smart,
will then begin your pain;
For such a faithfull tender heart,
can never break in vain.

The Debate: A Song.

Give me leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due;
To call you false, and then to say,
You shall not keep my Heart a day.
But alas, against my will,
I must be your Captive still;
Ah, be kinder then, for I
Cannot change, and wou'd not dye.

Kindness has resistless charms,
all besides but weakly move;
Fiercest anger it disarms,
and clips the wings of flying Love.
Beauty do's the heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade;
It gilds the Lovers servile chain,
And makes the slave grow pleas'd again.

The Reply. A Song.

Nothing adds to your fond fire,
more than scorn and cold disdain;
I to cherish your desire,
kindness us'd, and 'twas in vain.
You insulted o'er your slave,
humble Love you soon refus'd;
Hope not then a power to have,
where ingloriously you us'd.

Think

2.

Think not, *Thyrsis*, I will e'er
 by my Love my Empire lose;
 You grow constant through despair,
 Love return'd you would abuse.
 Though you still possess my heart,
 scorn and rigour I must feign;
 Ah, forgive that only Art,
 Love has left your Love to gain.

3.

You that could my Heart subdue,
 to new Conquests ne'er pretend;
 Let your Example make you true,
 and of a conquer'd Foe a Friend.
 Then if e'er I should complain
 Of your Empire, or my Chain;
 Summon all your powerfull Charms,
 And kill the Rebel in your Arms.

Upon MONEY: A Song.

1.

IT is not the Silver and Gold of it self,
 That makes Men adore it, but 'tis for its power;
 For no Man do's doat upon Pelf, because Pelf,
 But all court the Lady in hopes of her Dower.
 The Wonders that now in our days we behold,
 Done by the irresistible power of Gold,
 Our love, and our zeal and affection do mould.

2.

It purchaseth Kingdoms, States, Scepters and Crowns,
 wins Battels, and conquers the Conquerors bold;
 Takes Bulwarks and Castles, and Armies and Towns,
 our prime Laws were written in Letters of Gold.
 This lines Mens Religions, builds Doctrine and Truth,
 With zeal of Profession the Canter ends th,
 To club with kind *Sarah*, or sweet Sister *Ruth*.

This

This Marriages makes, 'tis the center of Love,
 it draws on the Man, and it pricks up the Woman;
 Birth, Virtue and Parts no affection can move,
 while this makes Lords bow to the Brat of a Broom-
 (man;
 Gives Vertue and Beauty to the Lads that you woo,
 Makes Women of all sorts and ages to do,
 'Tis the soul of the World, and the worldling too.
 (4.)

This Horses procures you, and Hawks, Hounds & Hares,
 'Tis this keeps your Groom, and your Groom keeps
 (your Gelding;
 It buys Citizens Wives as well as their Wares.
 And makes our coy Ladies so coming and yielding,
 Give boisterous Clowns their insufferable Pride,
 Makes Beggars and Fools in great Triumph to ride,
 Whilst ruin'd properties run by their side.

The Slighted Lover : A new Song.

1.

AH! why do's my *Aminta* fly
 From him who lives but by her smiles,
 If she her kindness do's deny,
 And thus in scorn from me recoils.
 The sadness that her absence breeds,
 Will soon grow up to gloomy death;
 A long, long night, alas, succeeds,
 When for her sake I yield my breath.

2.

But if she kindly will return,
 Her presence will keep death away;
 O! rather let me feel her scorn,
 Than from my sight she thus should stray,
 It will a pleasure prove in pain,
 To gaze upon the lovely Fair;

H

Feast

162 *The Triumph of Wit ; or,*

Feast, *Salamander* like on Flame,
Or, like *Camelions*, only live on Air.

She wou'd seem Angry : A Song.

1.

What cruel pains *Corinda* takes,
to force that harmless frown ;
When not a charm her face forsakes,
Love cannot lose its own.
So Sweet a Face, so soft a Heart,
such Eyes so very kind,
Betrays, alas the silly Art
Vertue hath ill design'd.

2.

Poor feeble Tyrant, who, in vain,
Wou'd proudly take upon her,
Against kind nature to maintain,
affected Rules of Honour.
The scorn she bears so helpless proves,
when I plead Passion to her ;
That much she fears, yet more she loves,
Her Vassal should undoe her.

On Fading Beauty : A Song.

1.

*C*elia be gentle, I advise,
make up for time mispent ;
When Beauty on its Death-bed lies,
'tis high time to repent.
Such is the Malice of your Fate,
That makes you old so soon ;
Your pleasure ever comes too late,
how early e'er begun.

Think

2.

Think what a wretched thing is she,
 whose Stars contrive in spite,
 The Morning of her Love should be,
 her fading beauties night.
 Then if to make you Ruin more,
 you'll peevishly be coy,
 By wishing yet in Love be poor,
 and never know the joy.

3.

May Transports that can give new fire,
 To stay the flying Soul,
 Ne'er answer you in your desire,
 But make you yet more dull.
 May Raptures that can move each part,
 to taste the Joys above,
 In all their highth improv'd by Art,
 still fly you when you love.

Advice to his Fair Mistress: A Song.

1.

L Ovely Mistress, whilst you do enjoy,
 Youth and Beauty be you sure to use 'em;
 and be not fickle, be not coy,
 thy self or Lovers to destroy.
 Since all those Lillies and those Roses,
 That Lovers find, or Love supposes,
 to flourish in thy face,
 will tarry but a little space:
 And youth and beauty are but only lent
 To you by nature, with this kind intent,
 You should enjoy, but not abuse 'em; (use 'em.)
 And when enjoyments may be had, not fondly to re-

2.

Let Lovers flatt'ry ne'er prevail with thee,
 Nor their complacent tongues that don't agree,

H 2

With

with their Vows, and protestations be,
 as snares for to deceive thee ;
 let the high praises of the wittie,
 though ne'er so costly never fit ye ;
 Unless the truth in all their words you find,
 For Lovers see, though Love is blind:
 Sicknes or Age will quickly strip away
 Those fading Glories of your youthful *May*,
 And of your Graces all bereave ye, (leave thee.
 Then those that did adore before will flight thee, & so

3.

Then while ye're fair and young, be kind but wise ;
 Doat not, nor proudly use denying :
 That tempting toy the beauty lyes,
 Not in thy face, but Lovers Eyes ;
 And he that dotes on thee may smother
 His love i'th' beauties of another ;
 Or flying at all Game,
 May quench, or else divert his flame.
 His Reason too may chance to interpose,
 And Love declines as fast as Reason grows ;
 And so you may repent at leasure,
 Too young, too old, too nice, too free too slow, destroys
 (your pleasure.

A new Song, in two parts ; or, The true Lovers Joy.

Cloris.

WHY *Damon*, do you stay from my kind Arms ?
 Why thus delay the height of all my Charms,
 Was it for this I hasted to the shade,
 And to escape, such large excuses made ?
 Trod pathless ways to 'scape those prying Eyes,
 That would have sent their beams into our joys :
 That would have reach'd the secrets of our love ;
 Then prethee *Damon*, haste unto the Grove.

Damon

Damon.

I come, my *Cloris*, all over desire,
Arm'd with great Love; with all his potent fire.
The mighty Fever kindly begs your cure;
A Fever though allay'd will yet endure.
Then, fair Physitian, see your Patient stand,
To be dispos'd of by your gentle hand.
Yet if you do at this time ease my pain,
It is so sweet, I shall wish it again.

*The Mourning Lover for his Departed Mistress:
A new Song.*

1.

SHe's gone! ah me, my Joy is fled;
Alas she's mingled with the dead.
Those Eyes are set in Shades of Night,
From which so late the World had light.
The blooming Roses that her Face,
With Angel-beauty late did grace,
Are ravish'd by the Tyrant Death,
Whose pale cold hand has seiz'd her breath.

2.

And can I, my dear Saint, survive?
Can I without my Angel live?
Ah, no! ah, no! it cannot be;
To Heaven she's gone, and chides at me
For lingring thus, thinks me unkind;
O! then, ye Fates; O! let me find
A passage to her dear-lov'd Arms,
There to Revel in Immortal Charms.

H 3

THE

THE SECOND PART

CONTAINING

The whole ART and MYSTERY of
COURTSHIP: With Infalible
Rules to succeed therein.

*Adorned with Eloquence, and furnished with
Cordial Advice.*

MEN and Women were made for the Society of each other; and this Society becomes the more delectable, when Beauty assists our Desire. For as it is natural for Men and Women to desire, so it is as natural for them to desire what is most pleasing, which is Beauty.

Beauty then consists in the Lineaments and Perfections of the Body, and the Actions and Demeanour of that beautiful Body. For there are some who have Beauty, but no beautiful Deportment: Others who have something, I cannot tell what, that pleases, who cannot for all that be call'd beautiful. There are also some Beauties more proper for the Addressees of Love and Courtship; and of those I will give you a Description, first in reference to Women.

For the Subject of Love and Address, he that would chuse aright, must chuse a young Lass of Eighteen years of Age, moderately plump, strait, and tall, the Air of her Countenance lofty and majestick, her Head well set on, her Eyes sweet and laughing, of a black Colour, her Mouth of a moderate wideness, her Teeth white.

white, her Forehead enclining rather to be small than large, but insensibly arched ; her Cheeks full, her Hair black, the compass of her Visage round ; at the same time let her Shoulders be large and fleshy, her Breasts hard, well-divided, and sustaining themselves ; her Arms thick and plump, her Skin neither too white nor too brown, but of a mixture between both. As to her Conditions, let her be decently and fashionably habited, modest and gay in her Actions, not over-talkative, yet witty in her Discourse. When she appears naked, let her have a full round Belly, little Feet, and turning outward ; a Leg somewhat plump in the middle. Knees short and small, a well-rais'd Thigh, well furnished with hard and round Buttocks, a small Waste.

As for the Beauty of a Man, it consists chiefly in his Shape and Proportion ; and in the strength of his body ; however, let him be fashionable as well in his Habit, as behaviour ; let him be rather lean than fat, his Hair long and curling upon his Shoulders, his Neck short and free, with a Breast velvety with short Hair ; his Shoulders, Reins and Buttocks large and brawny.

These are the exactnesses of Perfection, required in both Sexes ; but because all Persons are not born to be accomplished, therefore as well Men as Women must be content with their Fortune : However, when a Man first goes about to court a Mistress, let her be such a one, as to his fancy may seem to excel all other Women. She must be the only person agreeable and pleasing to her Lover, or else his Courtship will be only Dissimulation.

Being thus fix'd upon his Choice, the Wooer is next to observe the disposition of his Mistress, that he may the better be able to frame himself to please her Humour ; wherein great care must be taken as to two things, *Compliance*, and *Double-diligence*. *Compliance*

requires a most dutifull respect and obedience to her Will. Whatever she says or commands, there must be no contradiction. If she will have red to be green, so let it be; if she will have blue to be black, it must be so. However, he must not be a faint-hearted Woer neither——Let him have a good opinion of himself, and believe there is no Virgin in the World that can get the force of his Courtship; and that he has no more to doe but to spread his Net, and the Bird will be taken: For you may as soon believe that the Birds will leave chattering in the Spring, or that Grasshoppers will cease to sing in Summer, as that a sprightly Virgin will refuse the Courtship of a handsome person, and a smooth tongue; for stol'n Sweets are as gratefull to Women as to Men at all times: only it is convenient that the Men should ask the Question first, Women being suppos'd to be the more modest. Observe, that the first Visits are consum'd in the mute Language of the Eye, and the discourses only of sighs and amorous glances, which are not so insignificant, but that the age of fourteen understands the meaning of them to a Miracle; and the Man shall soon find that he is understood by the Blushes in his Mistresses Cheeks, when he casts his Eye upon her. For there is no Beauty without a flame, nor any flame without a fire; and, as the Song says,

*If Modesty it self appear
with Blushes in her Face,
The Blood that danes there
must revel in some other place.*

But let a Man be as confident of his Parts as he pleases, 'tis good to have an Interest in his Mistresses Chamber, and an Instrument near her Elbow; to which end no person so fit as the Maid that combs her Hair in a Morning, to speak in his praise, and to take all opportunities to tell her Mistress the greatness of his

his

his affection, and to win the young Virgin to have pity upon her Lover's languishing condition.

He that courts a young Widow, may do well to enquire out his Mistrisses Confident, and be sure to make fair weather with her; 'tis a never-failing way; for such carry a great stroak in Love affairs, whether it be for the better, or for the worse.

These are outward helps, but as to personal advantages, there is a greater secret that lyes in the proper managements of words and protestations; of which a *Woer* ought never to be sparing, for they cost him little; and so that there is no person in the World but may be as rich as he pleases in Promises. However, be sure not to go beyond the limits of performance, for extravagant Vows and Promises soon betray the falseness of a Man's intentions, and that he never intends to be as good as his word. But as for future obedience and subjection, rule and command, and a hundred of those gayeties, as impossibility of living without her, or of ever being happy, if she prove cruel and remorseless, these things not only please, but move compassion.

Neither let a *Woer* be niggardly of his Commendations. Extoll the Lineaments of her Face, commend the Colour and softness of her Hair, her round Fingers and her little Feet. Nothing can be more gratefull then to commend in Women what they are so proud of, and so carefull to preserve. Nor will a few modest protestations be amiss to confirm what you say, especially if she seem incredulous; for some there are that will hardly be induced to believe their Lover, although he spoke never so true without them; nor must a *Woer* omit to intermix now and then with a kiss or two, by such surprizes as he shall find most convenient to his opportunities, in the midst of his Amorous discourse. Perhaps she will resist at first, and give a

Man a sharp reproof; but that resistance is only to shew that she desires not to be overcome without resistance. However, let the Man be careful of being rude or boisterous, or of giving his Mistress occasion of complaining that his Kisses are hard, and unseasonably stol'n from her. She that admits of Kissing, and will not take the rest, deserves to lose what she has already receiv'd. After free admission to a Ladies lips, the Lady that refuses to satisfy her Servants lawfull desires, shews more of Clownery than Modesty. For though it may be call'd a kind of Force to kiss without leave, yet it is a sort of Violence not unpleasing to young Ladies.

The next part of Courtship is Officiousness and Double-diligence, as for example, if a young Wooer see the least speck of dirt or lint upon his Mistresses Garment, let him be sure to brush it off; if there be none, yet let him brush off nothing to keep himself in employment. If her Fan or her Glove fall by accident let him be in an instant ready to take them up. Slight services many times create a deep affection. The very reaching of a Chair, or laying a Cushion seasonably and opportunely, are many times civilities never forgotten. And he, that by such little pieces of servitude as these, has a prospect of enjoying his wishes, were a fool to stand upon his punctilio's.

In making of Presents, he is unwise who is lavish; however, a Man must take care that his Presents be proper. In the Spring Posies and Flowers; in the latter end of the year the choicest Fruits; and let him be sure to say they were far-fetch'd and dear-bought, and that they grew in such a Garden, though he purchased them in the next Market. There are also many other Toys of little value which insinuate acceptance, and make way for the Presenter, of which he shall

shall never have any reason to repent the bestowing, should he in the end lose his aim.

If at any time he hears of his Mistress being indisposed, let him be sure to give diligent attendance upon her, be with her as early and as late as decency will permit; and let him be sure to doe her all those services which she will accept at his hands; such testimonies of affection lay an obligation, and few young Ladies would be accounted guilty of Ingratitude. There have been some Lovers that would never leave their Mistresses when they have lain sick of the Small Pox, but have still taken all occasions to attend and divertise them; and, which is more, then at the same time when their Mistresses Beauty seemed almost quite defaced, have made the same Vows and Protestations of their deep affection, as in the time of their most flourishing health

In sending of Letters, whether it be to return thanks, expresse affection, and give under your hand the Testimonies of your Love, or to make Complaint, a Wooer must be sure to be Plain and easie; High-flown Expressions, and Cramp-words, are not for Ladies; but let them be such as he would give if he were present himself, smooth and flattering If she should chance to refuse to receive it, and send it back again, let him hope however that she will read one at length and never leave sending till he has vanquish'd that piece of Female-obstinacy. His perseverance will overcome *Penelope* her self; for *Troy* was taken, though it were long first. The same method is to be observed, though she send him bad tydings at first, and desire him not so to solicit her any more in that kind. For she is affraid of being taken at her word, and wishes that may come to pass, which she forbids.

These are the General Rules to be observed in Courtship: But now, because no Courtship can be made

made without Words. we shall set down some Forms upon many occasions; not that the same Forms of words are to be always observed, but to be varied as Fancy moves, which always guides a true Lover, and makes him Eloquent.

The Tryal.

MAdam, if the Opportunites of serving you, were as ordinary as those of speaking to you, I had render'd you as many Services as I have spoken words. I dare not confirm them always with the same Testimonies; and since I am so little capable of persuasion, I fear I shall discover my ignorance, and not my servitude.

Sir, I am of opinion, that the Custome of persuasion is only us'd there, where truth is wanting; and therefore seeing you have always protested the Truth, you ought now to make use of it, else you will make your Oaths, and my Credit, as indifferent as your Word and Assurance would be.

Madam, the Cunning of a discourse should never do me such an ill office, as to make me believe an untruth; for I am ignorant of the custom and invention thereof, which shall cause me to seek out such an enterprize, to the end that being warranted from the disturbance, which I find between the Resolution and the Event, I should not give you that for an assurance, that the whole World seeing so noble a design as mine, will judge that I owe an Eternal perseverance to it.

Sir, be advis'd to confirm your mind to your words, for time will give us always opportunity to distinguish between those that are feigned, and those that are real. Truly I must make this promise in answer to your promises; that if I doe not find them true, you will

will repent to have so vainly lost them. For I shall always reserve to my self this power, either to reject or accept of what you render me.

Madam, why should your belief take any ill impression of your Servant? I do call Love and your Beauty to witness, that I shall always preserve my self the same.

Well, Sir, I shall content my self at present with your drift, notwithstanding that I shall expect better assurances.

Madam, be confident you shall draw as much fidelity from her Conquest, as I expect honour and happiness from my subjection.

But I desire to know whether your promises shall be as faithfully kept as your Oaths.

Much more, Madam; for I can give you but weak words, which my ignorance furnishes me withall, whereby you work effects worthy a glorious death.

Will you then dye for me too, Sir?

Yes, Madam; for that which would be a death to others, would be a life to me, provided it came from your hand.

Live then, Sir, and take heed your Repentance do not kill you.

'Tis well then, Madam, I shall live your Servant, and live long through the worth of my Preserver.

The Demand of Assurance.

FAirest, it is now time that I should require from you some Assurances of your friendship, because I cannot grant you that authority which you have over my affections, but by the services which I am willing to render to your power. The proof whereof depends upon Opportunity, and the Opportunity upon your Commands: Swear to me therefore by your fair Eyes, that you love that which they have subdu'd,

subdu'd, that I may boast my Ruin to be as well a mark of my Glory, as of your Puissance.

Do you think, Sir, that that which is ruin'd by the Eyes, can be belov'd by the Heart.

Dear Lady, why should not you affect that Love which you your self have created? would you cause it to be born, and dye at the same instant? That would be the action of an inconstant soul.

Sir, it is you that run the hazard of being call'd inconstant: For if Love proceed from Merit, you will soon find some one more worthy of your affection than my self.

Madam, I shall never seek the means to find any more signal worth then what you your self possess. It is permitted to those who are less worthy to have such jealousies; but not to you whose Beauty has such a super-eminence above all other in the World. No, Madam, take counsel of your own worth, and it will shew the fair Election I have made; how impossible it is to be chang'd; the design coming from the judgment of the Soul, which being divine, cannot err.

But, Sir, they say that Love is very Subject to Knowledge: of which you being so well provided, 'tis to be fear'd that you may use of those agreeable diversities, that Love do's every day present to unfaithfull Lovers.

Madam, may he banish me from his Empire, if I have any other will then what is agreeable to his: He sees that I am yours, so his Power and my Will are agreed; my Designs concur with his Commands.

Sir, I believe that Love himself knew not how to force you to love.

Madam, he was afraid lest he should be made himself a slave: He has no force able to resist your Puissance, unless it be your own. Therefore since you have this Glory entire to your self, to have vanquish'd

all

all the World, there remains nothing more but that you should vanquish your self.

Sir, I can do any thing else but vanquish, having neither Will nor Thought that doth not render obedience to the Duty, which I have taken to be the perfect guide of my life.

Madam, you oppose your designs to my prayers, to the end this refusal should redouble my Passion, and cause me to persist more eagerly in the pursuit of your tempting Graces. Yet it suffices that the pain and difficulty of the Request will remain the Glory of my Conquest.

Sir, if your Difficulties are the things that can create your Glories, why do you complain?

Madam, I do not repine at the pain, but at your unkindness that will not acknowledge it. But if you have no such unkindness, I conjure your fair Lips to produce some assurance of your friendship.

Well, Sir, then I promise in reference to your servitude to acknowledge it for the price of your Constancy; and believe this, that as my true Passion doth only oblige me, so there is no adjuration shall have power over me.

Madam, I wish I should transform my whole Will into words, to render you sufficient thanks for this favourable promise. But since I am not born capable of such a happiness, I will only say this, That he to whom your favours are so liberally extended, shall pass the rest of his days in your service.

An Address of Perfect Courtship.

Lady, who are inspir'd with all the Praises that belong to your Sex, I am come to offer you my services, which you may at present only call Obedient, hoping that your better knowledge of it will style it faithfull.

Sir.

Sir, I think Fame is more favourable to me then Truth, since all that has been publish'd concerning me proves so false ; and therefore you have reason to present me your feigned service, in obedience to my feigned merit.

Madam, you wrong your Beauty, which being so great, can work no other designs in me, but those of only honouring you.

Sir, This confirms my former Opinion ; for seeing my self without beauty, of which you cannot be ignorant, I must necessarily be unprovided of all those services that depend thereon.

Madam, I fear I should sin against the Truth, should I put my self to the trouble to make you see them. It is a thing so visible of it self, that by endeavouring to demonstrate it by words, I should presume to assist your judgment.

Sir, I find you are easily able to overcome my Rhetorick, but not my Belief.

Madam, I am confident to shew this advantage, by shewing the proofs of my Obedience, that Men will condemn your misbelief to authorize my true Sayings.

Sir, Such kind of words as these are usual in this age, which promise always a great deal of service, but perform little but outward Complements.

Madam, 'Tis very ordinary to swear the same words, but a thing very extraordinary to make them afterwards appear to be truth. But that which may assure you I do not walk the common path is this, That I know your beauty to be such, as is only to be serv'd by Knowledge, not by Imitation ; which makes my design glorious, and my enterprize noble, that waits on such an Object.

Sir, I know not how you can call this an Enterprize, since your design is more easie then courageous ; and a noble Enterprize has always difficulties that oppose it.

Madam,

Madam, My resolution to serve you is so magnanimous, that there can no ill fortune attend upon it: For if you make the end happy, it will be always an honour to my Courage, to have and to pretend to your accomplish'd Graces.

Sir, Since you establish your Content upon unhappiness, your hopes cannot deceive you much: or if they do deceive you, 'twill be in making you happy another way.

Madam, I can easily count it an honour to serve you as being oblig'd by your Merit, and my Obedience.

Sir, I shall never counsel a generous Soul to stoop at such a design, since his Resolution is so low, that infallibly both the design must fall, and Repentance ensue.

Madam, That which animates me more to doe you service, is this, That I shall receive this honour from the Enterprize; that there is no small difficulty in performing it, with that perfection which it requires.

Sir, If you give such proofs as you offer of your services, you shall be acknowledg'd through the whole Empire of Love.

Madam, Since I have the courage to pretend to the Merit of your fair Graces, I shall take care to keep my self constant; and certainly it behoves me, there being so strict a watch over us.

To make known an Affection for a Mistress.

MAdam, Among all the days of my life, I must account this the happiest, wherein I had the honour first to know you.

Sir, If I knew any thing in my self worthy your Merits, I should esteem my self oblig'd to employ it to your Honour; but there being in me nothing but imperfection, I do not imagine how the knowledge
of

of me can any way contribute to your content, much less to your well-being.

Madam, I am so sensible of your many perfections, that I find my self oblig'd to honour them to the utmost of my power, and to offer you my most humble service.

Sir, This is your courtesie and favour that seek to qualifie my defects, only to shew the excellent Endowments that Nature has bestow'd upon you.

Pardon me, Madam, 'tis the enchanting force of your worth and beauty, which obliges me not only to honour you. but to seek an interest in your Graces.

Sir, All that a Daughter of Honour owes to a Person of your Merit, you have already at your devotion. I respect your Qualities, admire your Vertues and wish you a happiness answerable to the Nobleness of your designs.

Believe it, Madam, that my desires are good, and that my affection, if your wishes flow from a sincere intention to oblige me, is the most happy that ever was in the World.

Pardon me, Sir. I've not so piercing an Apprehension to understand the meaning of your intentions. That which I say, is upon no other account then to render you the honour and respect which is due to you.

It is true, Madam, I do you wrong to go about to make you believe, that which I have never made apparent by any certain proof. However, that shall not hinder me from telling you, that your perfections have so far encaptivated my affection, that I have resolved neither to love nor to serve any other but your self. I therefore only intreat you, to esteem any affection real, and to perfect your own wishes.

Certainly, Sir, I cannot believe you would set your affection upon a person so inconsiderable. It suffices
me

me to have the honour to know you: and I desire your good fortune may guide you to some person more worthy your esteem.

Madam my resolution is unfeigned to serve you to the utmost of my power: nor do's your refusal diminish any thing of my affection take it only for granted, that I desire to be your servant.

Sir, I am not Mistress of my self, and for that reason cannot accept of your offer: but if you shall find that the affection which you say you bear me, is well lik'd of by my Parents, I shall esteem my self very much honour'd in your love, and shall as far as Virtue will permit, do any thing to assure you of my good will.

Lady, You infinitely oblige me, for which I return you many Millions of thanks: I shall seek all occasions to obtain the leave of your Parents, in the mean while, honour me with your Commands, and suffer me to kiss your hands.

Sir, I am your very humble Servant.

The DEPARTURE.

Philander and Leonora.

Phil. **A** Dieu, dear Beauty, it behooves me to be banish'd from you, that I may dispose my soul to esteem you the more: one way by the loss of your presence, another way by recollecting the thoughts of past happiness.

Leon. Truly, Sir, you have very great reason to make use of your fancy: For Fancy and Thoughts will forge imaginary Merits, where your Eyes and Judgment will find the contrary.

Phil. You do very well to make use of a new custom; I believe you would persuade your self to speak false

false, that you might have an advantage over every one that breaths nothing but the truth.

Phil. Is it possible that such a Vanity should make you offend that which I honour, and you possess? Truly Madam you will gain nothing by it but the pleasure of fine words.

Leon. Call them rather true, and then you will speak Truth your self.

Phil. You continue, Madam, acquiring new glories to your persuasions, by maintaining Paradoxes against your beauty, which will be always perfect in it self, though not in your opinion.

Leon. Sir, were I perfect, I should know my self; Perfection being the knowledge of one's self. If then you will allow me that I may be permitted to style my self very poor in Merits. But you would persuade the contrary to exercise your parts, knowing that 'tis a greater honour to vanquish the Truth, then to sustain it.

Phil. Madam, the design which I have to serve you, may give you testimony sufficient of that power which you have to dispose of me. In one Moment I saw you possessed of a thousand Wonders, and at the same moment I was sensible of a thousand Torments of Love: and being capable of nothing but admiration, methought that this beauty was in the World for no other end, but to deserve, and form to be obedient to. I see no reason fairest, that the belief which I have taken, with the clearest Judgment that I have of your beauty should be swallow'd up with your misbelieving opinions.

Leon. They say that Contradiction animates persons the more; and therefore I will be silent to suppress these unjust praises. Perhaps you will have pity on my feeble resistance, and be weary of conquering so easily.

Phil.

Phil. Madam, 'tis rather my self that ought to be silent, being so lately in an Astonishment. But as for you, Madam, it would be a sin against your fair Lips, whose words are Oracles.

Leon. Then pray Sir, why do not you believe what I say? for all Oracles are truth.

Phil. But why will you rather, Madam, by persuasion hinder the belief, which I have taken with sight and judgment? For I will believe your Beauty against all your unbelief and undervaluings; and also continue the services I have sworn you against any thing that shall hinder it. My attempt also has promis'd my design, that future ages shall admire your merit, and my subjection, and record us as the most faithfull Lovers in Love's Dominions.

Leon. I fear, Sir, Time will alter this opinion.

Phil. Time, Madam, can do nothing against what Love has ordain'd: He is the Master of Fortune, and an Enemy to Change. But wherefore this superfluity of speech? It is better to believe by the force of sight, then by the force of persuasion. And therefore at this time it is more necessary for me to demand Remedies for this separation, the apprehension whereof makes me endure this present pain.

Phil. Sir, do but forget your design, and you will avoid the pain that will follow, and also the Repentance.

Phil. No, Madam, I shall keep the Memory of my design Eternally, and shall always see painted before me the glory of my Enterprize. Adieu, dear Beauty, you shall never cast your Eyes downward, but you shall see lying at your feet him that admires you; nor ever Elevate your Thoughts to your deserts, but you shall remember your Conquest. Adieu fairest, for now I leave the Sun, and go to seek out Night, and Sorrow's Cell.

*The R E T U R N.**Orlando and Fidelia.*

Orland. I Come now, Madam, to receive as much content from your chearfull Countenance, as the loss of it has yielded me Sorrow; I know the Good will now be as great as the Evil, since they proceed both from the same cause.

Fid. Sir, I do believe you receive the one, as well as you have suffered the other. But I beseech you, Sir, tell me whence that pain proceeds, which you say you did endure; for as for my self, I believe the pleasure of thinking is greater than that of seeing.

Orland. Madam, it is permitted me to think, but Experience forbids me to believe that Opinion: For I receive from my thoughts only a good imagination; but the sight cannot err.

Fid. But however it is said, Sir, that the Presence only contents the Eyes, which are mortal; but Absence exercises the Soul, which is divine; and therefore if Absence any way afflicted you, you might easily have avoided it.

Orland. It was some good *Genius*, Madam, that took me lately from your Eyes, that I might the better value the happiness of their lustre, and avoid the extremity of that pain, which the loss of them made me endure, causing in me such an impatience to return to you, that every hour I stay'd from you seemed an Age.

Fid. That which is foreseen is easily avoided. Now you perceive whence the Evil that you speak of proceeds. Nay, the little occasion you had to fear it, makes you find it out willingly. Therefore blame your own desires, which have procur'd you this Evil, and complain not upon Destiny, which is always just.

Orland.

Orland. My will is not the cause; for then I should fly my self, and come back to you. But, Love, to abuse me the more, gave me the desire, and hinder'd the effect. Though I believe it to be one of his Destinies; in regard it behooves a true Passion to overcome the Violence of all Opposition by a diligent Constancy

The Anatomy of BEAUTY, in all the parts of the Body.

HER Hair is like the Beams that adorn *Apollo's* Head.

Love twists the Hair of her enchanting Locks, to make Strings for *Cupid's* Bow.

Locks so aptly trimm'd, that every Hair catches a Soul, insnaring all beholders.

Her Hair is so radiant, that Love sits fetter'd in those golden snares.

The Amorous Cordage that binds all Hearts to her in *Cupid's* Bonds.

Face. In her Face all the Graces in her mind, all the Vertues are met.

He that views her mild Aspect, were he the most savage of all Creatures, he would derive a new Nature from her Beauty.

So full is she of Majesty, that *Aurora* blushes to see a Countenance brighter than her own.

Beauty's Elysium; Perfection's Magazine, where Roses with unsully'd Lillies mix.

A Face above the flattery of Rhetorick or Glass.

Her Looks have more entertainment than all the vain Pomp which the *Persians* ever taught the World.

Forehead. The stately Fort from whence the winged Archer discharges his Artillery.

A clear Promontory, where sweet Violets grow.

A stately

A stately prospect, shewing like a fair Castle commanding some goodly Country.

Eyes. Her Eyes dart Lightning thro' the Air.

The Stars borrow new Lustre from her more radiant Eyes.

They are able to grace the Heavens and beautifie the Sky in the clearest Night.

They are Nature's Richest Diamonds set in foils of polish'd Ivory.

Smiles. Her Smiles are so graceful, and full of comfort that with them she is able to revive a dying Lover.

Ears. Her Ears are watchful Sentiñels, that let no words of weight pass unregarded.

Cheeks. Her Cheeks shew like Lillies spread on Roses.

Nature painted the Colour thereof in the most glorious Tulips. They are Slips of Paradice, not to be gather'd, but wonder'd at.

Nose. Her Nose is strait, and of a stately frame.

The comely Ornament of a most exquisite Face

Lips. Her Lips are like the full-ripe Cherry

Cupid drinks Nectar from her Rosie Portals.

They are Sister Corals, that kiss each other.

Lands where Rocks of Rubies grow.

Love's Rubie Altars still they show.

Teeth. Her Teeth are ranks of Orient Pearl.

The double Pearlie guard of Speech.

Her Tongue is tipt with such a fire, and so powerfull, as might tame the most rebellious spirit.

A Tongue able to captivate the Hearers, and reconcile Antipathy it self.

Her Breath is airy Amber.

A Breath that perfumes the Air with Elysian sweets.

Voice. Her Voice is so charming, that it has power to doe more than ever *Orpheus* did.

Should Magicians use it, it would tie up the Nocturnal Ghosts, without the addition of Exorcism.

Her

Words. Her Words invade the weakn'd senses, and overcome the heart.

Brow. Her Brow is *Cupid's* Bow, most sweetly bent to shoot his Darts against every heart.

Chin. Her Chin shews like a piece of pure and polish'd Chrystal, which the God of Love delights to uphold with his soft hand.

Neck. Her Neck is of such a whiteness, as exceeds unsullied Snow.

A silver Pillar of rare Whiteness.

Far Whiter than the Swans that swim upon *Meander's* Chrystal streams.

Shoulders. Her Shoulders are the rare composure where Neck and Breast their native closure take.

Arms. Her Arms were made to take the great Men of the World her Pris'ners.

Hands. Her Hands soft and smooth, of which the Violet Veins run along like Mines of Turquoises.

Her slender hand subdues without a stroak.

The Swans Down is harsh in respect of her soft Hand.

Breasts. Her Breasts are two Mountains of pure Snow, from the Fountains of which *Cupid* sucks Nectar.

Her Breasts are Love's delicious Paradise, the Lilly Mountains, where dwells Eternal Springs.

Her Breasts those Twins of Miracle.

Wast. Her Wast as strait as *Cupid's* Shaft, or *Mercury's* Wand.

Her Navel is Love's Hesperides.

The Seal of Love's Impression.

Womb Her Womb is Nature's secret Cabinet, and Garden of delight.

Briefly she comprehends whatever can be wish'd for in the Idea of a Woman.

She is so heavenly a piece, that when Nature had wrought her, she lost her Needle, like one that never hop'd to work again any so fair and lovely a Creature as my Mistress.

Closing Addresses of Courtship.

M Adam, should I attempt to draw your Picture without the help of the fam'd *Apelles*, I should be non-pluss'd in the attempt.

Madam, at the same time that I beheld your exquisite beauty, I became a Profelyte to your high Perfections, and should think my self happy under the benign reflections of your lovely Countenance.

Madam, the least service upon your score I term the highest attainment imaginable: Your Love is an honour, your favour the greatest advancement, and I am transported to be number'd among your little favourites.

Madam, you are the very Abstract of Beauty; for all those Excellencies that are singly in others, are concenter'd in you.

*And with your Beauty, Wit, and Art conjoyn,
To make you perfect and seem all Divine,
That Mankind may pay Homage at your Shrine.*

THE

New Canting Academy:

. O R,

The Mystery of *Wheedling* and
Canting, display'd to the Life.Illustrated with *Poems*, *Songs*, and an
Explanation of *Canting* Words.

The Introduction ; or, *Wheedling*, &c.
made manifest.

Since *wheedling* and *Canting* may be justly termed brethren, I do not think it any-ways amiss to joyn them together in this Third Part of my *Academy*, not for the desire I have that any should learn them, in order to Practice ; but rather that knowing them, and to what Wickedness they tend, all that love their own Repose may shun and avoid the evil Courses they tend to ! Nor is Ignorance the least cause so many plunge themselves into Wickedness : for cou'd Sin be truly discovered in its deformity, as it is really sin, it would look so monstrous, that the terror of its visage would affright those that court it from its foul Embraces ; nor is it less observable, that those who are least skilled in the Nature of poysons, are most frequently destroyed by Intoxication, especially where it is in their power to meet unwittingly with the mortal bane, the Devil too, gilds over his Allurements and Temptations with a seeming good, on purpose that the Ignorant may take them for what they

they really are not, and so unadvisedly infect their Souls; from which we may conclude, that to know the failures and vices of others as they are really so, and properly delivered in their proper shapes and defects, is the proper way to grow in hatred with them, and avoid them: and therefore to leave however those without excuse that read this part of my Book, I proceed to treat of *Wheedlers, Camers, Siroalers*, and the like, with the practice of their Lives, and manner of living; which Relation, in it self, is very pleasant, and may serve as a caution to the unwary.

Wheedling ; what it is, and how Managed.

THe word *Wheedle* cannot be found to derive it self from any other, and therefore is looked upon as wholly invented by the *Camers*; but according, as in the sence of it is managed, it signifies a subtil insinuation into the Humours, Inclinations, Natures and Capacity of any person the *Wheedler* intends to circumvent or make his prey; working so effectually, that he possesses them with a belief, that all his actions and services are bent, and tend to their advantage, profit and pleasure, and is indeed a kind of flattery, which joyn'd with self-conceit, and the good opinion we have of our selves, easily admits of the most favourable interpretation, since every one is naturally inclined to a self-love, and thinks his own abilities in understanding sufficient, if not the best; it being very observable, that although Men quarrel and contend about Riches and Preferment, one envying another as to those particulars, none on the contrary contend who has the most Wit, or at least grudge not at anothers, but conceit their own stock is sufficient.

*In this they hold, that Providence is just,
And it for Wit, though nothing else, they'll trust.*

The Wheedler's business is much in trimming the Sails of Flattery, and forming his Speeches and Actions to the humour and constitution of the person he undertakes, imitating those of whom *Juvenal* the Satyrist makes mention, *viz.* These men, says he, will conform themselves to all sorts of company; if you laugh, they will strive to laugh louder; if you are pensive and sad, or prone to weep, they like Crocodiles, will force feigned tears; if you complain of cold, they shiver as in the extremity of a Tertian fit; and if you complain of heat, even in the extremity of December, they shall puff and pant as if they were in a manner melted.

*Thus they on Flatt'ry build foundations bad,
And only in the empty Air they trade;
Selling of Wind for things to support Life,
And tickle Culleys in their folly rise.*

The Qualification of the Wheedler; and by what methods and ways he works by Insinuation upon the Passions and Minds of Men, and the Rules he observes therein.

HE or she that sets up for a thriving Wheedler, must be no Novice, for if so, there is no apt qualification for this Science, as they term it, but must first be accommodated with a winning behaviour, a fluent tongue, weighty expressions, that can be so cunningly couched, as to make bad seem good, and good bad, to the eyes and understanding of the ignorant; knowing how to time his Management to keep it always in season; a good stock of Confidence is likewise required, and a countenance not subject to a blush; a Man he must be of infinite Jestings, that
when

when he trips or begins to be discovered in some palpable flattery or dissimulation, he may turn it off, so as either to put a different construction on the meaning of his Words, or change his true meaning into Jest or Ridicule ; he must be furnished moreover with much patience, to bear, without seeming any way offended, the impertinence of every Coxcomb or nauseous Fop ; and observe his humours, that he may not be found wanting to tickle the Trout by a seeming applause and compliance.

The next thing he then considers and contemplates, is the Passions of the mind, and to what they stand most inclined and affected ; and this he at first gathers, especially a hint of 'em by the complexion, habit and constitution of the Body, the complexion attributing to the sanguine, a merry jocund humour, much given to Love and Recreation : To the Melancholly, a morose temperature of mind, given to ease of body, yet much disturbed at times in mind, and prompted, by envy, to undertake malicious enterprises : To the Flegmatick he attributes Inconstancy, Sloth, Intemperance, &c. and to the Cholerick, rashness, and a contentious disposition, subject to strife, and desire of revenge ; and suitable to these he lays the line and plummet of his Flattery or Insinuation, and humours them to his own advantage in their several degrees ; and, for the most part, they attack those of the weakest capacities, with whom they are sure they can be credited, as a cunning Jilt of the Town is made to express her self, viz.

*You smile to see me, whom the World perchance,
Mistakes to have some Wit, so far advance,
The Interest of tame fools, that I approve
Their Merit more than Mens of Wit in Love :*

*But in our Sex too many proofs there are,
Of those undone by Wits, whom Fools repair.
This in my time was so observ'd a Rule,
Hardly a Wenck in Town but had her Fool;
The meanest, common Slut, who long was grown
The jest and scorn of every quaint Buffoon,
Had yet left Charms enough to have subdu'd
Some Fop or other, fond to be thought leud.*

Nor is this Art of Wheedling altogether unnecessary, seeing it carries with it somewhat more than Wealth, for by a secret and powerfull charm it calms rage, disarms the threatening hand of the revengefull, moves compassion in the hard-hearted, and manytimes delivers a Man out of the snare. This and much more it effects by a feigned and flattering submissiō, and pretending an untainted and entire friendship; whereas if there be no down-right Enmity, yet there is no other than the shadow, or outward appearance of a respect for the person, to engage him either to lay aside his present danger, or persuade and oblige him to some kindness extraordinary. But thus much for this part of Wheedling, too much practis'd in this Age.

*Cant; what it is, and by whom it is used; with the
Ends to which it serves, &c.*

CAnt is found to be the peculiar Language of no Nation; nor is there any Rule prescribed for the learning or understanding of it, further than from those who use it to colour over their Villanies; and they are such, for the most part that call themselves, *Egyptians*, but are no other than stroaling Beggars, Vagrants or Wanderers, the foundation of which Gib-

rish was layed on one *Rugosa* a sturdy Wanderer, who first prescribed Rules and Orders for the Wandering Tribe, and became their Head or Superiour ; but long enjoyed not his Ragged Dignity, before he fell sick of a filching fever, for which the Doctor of the Tripple-tree, applyed the powerfull Cordial of Hemp to his Jugular Vein; so that the strength of the Application not being allayed in time, cast him into a dead sleep, and for ever after spoiled his drinking at the Bouzing-keen.

Those that profess this Cant, as I said, pretending to be *Egyptians*, hold the people in hand, especially those that are so foolish to believe them, that they sucked in the knowledge of the Stars with their Mother's Milk, and are conversant with the Decrees of Fate, being the only Kindred of the Destinies, from whom they hid nothing; nay, have so large a stock of Impudence to pretend to divine Magick, when indeed they are no other than a parcel of ignorant, lazy, illiterate persons, who take up this kind of life for the sake of ease; yet so much are they feared, as going in great companies by the Country people, that they are in a manner forced to give them what they in reason demand, least they should fire their Houses, or, as they fondly deem, bewitch their Cattel, when indeed the latter is altogether out of their power; and the greatest fear that need any way concern them, is their robbing them of their Pigs, Lambs, Poultry, Linnen, &c. for which they have divers Canting Names or Terms; of which I shall speak hereafter.

The Canters have their several Offices or Degrees amongst them, the Officiators of them being observed and regarded by those that subject themselves as their Inferiours, with great exactness and respect, and are distinguished, or go under these denominations, *viz.* The *Upright Man*, who being chosen for his strength

Strength, archness and policy in bringing them off at a dead lift, is styled their Chief, whom all the rest obey, and amongst them his Will is a Law during life, unless he be deposed in a General Assembly, or Meeting, which is held twice a year in great state in places pre-appointed, and most commonly in the Suburbs of *London*, and that for some extraordinary design, as for the subversion of their beggarly Commonwealth, &c. and whilst he stands in *statu quo*, all the Morts, Dells and Doxies, or Women of the several Degrees and Orders amongst them are at his command; as likewise the best of whatever they filch or Maund, that is, steal or beg.

The *Abram-Cove*, or *Abraham-man*, is one that dresses himself ridiculously, and pretends at sundry times to be Mad, and in Fits, when indeed he do's it to draw people about him, to procure the advantage of the rest, either in telling Fortunes, or giving them the opportunity of picking the Pockets of the Gazers.

The *Fack-man* is their Secretary, who having some small abilities in Learning, especially in Writing and Counterfeiting of hands, makes it his business to write their false Passes, false Certificates and Maunding-Letters, and is in great esteem amongst them.

The *Dammerers* are such as make a horrible Noise, attended with many Antick postures, and frequently signifie, not only by signs, which to every one are not intelligible, but by a forged writing, that their Tongues were cut out in the Turkish Slavery for Reviling the Prophet *Muhamet*, or refusing to comply with his damnable doctrine; and to that end, and the better to deceive the easie Spectators, and move them to compassion, they rowl back their Tongues, and show as it were only the root; but if you require to search their Mouth, they will pretend not to understand your meaning, and with much clamour refuse it.

The *Patrico* is he that couples them together; the only Ceremony in that kind consists in placing them with joyned hands over the carcass of any dead creature, and bidding them live together till death parts them.

The *Whipjacks* are such as pretend themselves to be Mariners, that have been cast away, and shipwrecked either on the Coast, or in some Foreign Land, and have nothing to support them in their Travelling to their habitation; and the better to colour it, pretend a Pass, though it is altogether forged, and they know no more of the Sea than a tame Goose.

The *Fraters* are such as forge Briefs or counterfeit Pateents, pretending to beg for decayed Hospitals, Losses by Fire, and the like; but have been so often detected and punished, that scarce any thing but the Name remains at this day; for it being a publick fraud, it is more narrowly pry'd into than those that are personal and private.

The *Palliards* or *Clapperdungeons*, are those that have been brought up to beg from their Infancy, and frequently counterfeit Lameness, making their Legs, Arms or Hands appear to be sore and very nauseous with Cream and Blood, Butter and Soap, Oyntments and Corrosives, and sometimes by putting on counterfeit lame Legs, and false withered Arms, making of horrible wry faces, and setting off their story of being shot, burnt, scalded, perished with the Evil, and the like, with a lamentable voice and for the most part they carry Children about with them, which they frequently hire of poor Nurses for so much the week, the better to move compassion; but if you strictly enquire into their lameness, you will find it nothing but a counterfeit of their own deviling; and their Sores so slight, that in a day or two they wou'd cure of themselves did they not continually apply Corrosives.

The

The *Glimmerers* are such as go up and down a Maunding, under pretence they have been undone by Fire, and for the most part have a forged Certificate with many Names, insinuated to be those of the Minister, Justice and Church-Wardens of some remote Parish, pretending great Losses, when indeed their whole life has been given up to the begging trade.

The *Mumper* is the general Beggar, Male and Female, which lye in cross-ways, or travel too and fro, carrying for the most part Children with them, which generally are By-blows, and delivered to them with a sum of Money almost as soon as born.

As for the Women that attend these strolling Gypsies and Beggars, those that are Married after their fashion, are called *Autem-Morts*; the *Dells* are young Wenches, that yet retain their Maiden-heads, which by their custome they must sacrifice to the *up-right-Man*, before they can be free with the Brotherhood.

The *Doxies* are such as are prostituted to any, and are no other than Common Whores of the kind amongst the Brotherhood, and consequently to any person if advantage offers, and for the most part have the Art of Diving into the Pockets of such Cullies as they ensnare.

The *Stroaling Morts* are such as pretend to be Parson's Widows, or to be born Gentlewomen, and by Marrying against the consent of their Parents, by Losses and Sicknes are utterly ruined and undone; telling a lamentable story to stir up the minds of the hearers to compassionate their sufferings.

The *Baudy-Baskets* are such as wander up and down with a Basket under their Arm, and a Child at their Backs, Pretending to sell Toys and Trifles, and so beg or steal as they see occasion, or find opportunity.

The *Kinchin-Morts* are the little Girls that run in the

the hand of these Gypsies and Beggars, or are carried at their Backs in Blankets.

And these are the chief of the Gang, who from their head rendezvous set out twice a year, and scatter all over *England*, each parcel having their appointed Stages, that they may not interfere or hinder each other; and for that purpose, when they set forward in the Country, they stick up Boughs in the way of divers kinds, according as it is agreed amongst them, that one company may know which way another is, gone, and so take a different Road.

*And so, like a Disease, they swiftly spread,
As Locusts muster'd in black Clouds was lead.
When Egypt felt, the Plagues for Pharaoh's sin,
And Mourn'd the Ruin that it usher'd in.*

In what manner a new Commer is receiv'd into the Gang of Gypsies and Wandering Beggars, with the Ceremonies that are observed, and other things.

WHen any idle person enters himself into the settled Gang of these Varlets, he is not admitted without Ceremony. And, first, being introduced by one of the Gang, the *Upright-Man* demands his name, which known, he enjoyns him from that time to renounce it, and to take upon him one familiar to the Canting strain, not understood by the vulgar: This done, and Registered, his Charge is given him, That he shall be true in all things to the Fraternity, and obey, to the utmost of his power, the Great Tawny Prince, or, as they style him, *The King of the Gypsies or Stroulers*, and keep his counsel; That he take his part against all that shall oppose him, or any of the Brotherhood, according to the utmost of his ability, not suffering them to be abused by any strange *Palli-*
ards,

ards, Rufflers, Hookers, Swallers, Irish Toyls, Dummerers, Farkmen, Whip-jacks, Glimmerers, Maunders, or the like, or any other Out-lyers; That he reserve to the publick Stock the over-plus of his gettings; That he will never leave or forsake the company of which he is entred a Member, nor teach any, upon what account soever, the usual Cant proper amongst them, neither for favour nor fear; And, lastly, that he will stick close to his *Doxey* or *Rum Mort*; and then a young Wench is delivered to him as his Mate and Companion by the *Patrico*, if there be one grown up; if not, he must stay till there is, and be content now and then to be supplied for recreations sake by the *Doxies*, who are common amongst them.

The Adoption being over, the Scouts are commanded abroad to see if the Coast be clear; and if so, upon the signal the Forragers go out, and fetch in Cackling Cheats, Grunting Cheats, Margery Praters, Red Shanks, &c. That is, Chickens, Pigs, Hens and Ducks, some at the same time breaking the Ruffman's Hedges, that is, for firing; nor do's *Tib* of the Buttery, that is, the Geese escape them, whilst the *Whip-Jack*, as the most competent Judge is imployed to fetch Rum booze or strong Drink from the next Village with ready money out of the publick Stock; and if no blind Ale-house out of the Town or Road be near, where they use for privateness sake, to rendezvous, then they make the fire under a warm Hedge, or in a Gravel-pit, where the Morts are their Cooks; but so sluttish in their dressing, that a stranger must be wonderfully sharp set, that can find in his heart to participate of their banquet: And here the old Proverb is truly verified, *viz. That the Devil sends Cooks*; yet those that are used to it feed like Farmers, and account it more dainty than any other.

The Reasons that induce Stroalers, &c. to take up that kind of life; and by what means they cheat and deceive the Ignorant under pretence of telling Fortunes.

SOME may enquire why they delight in this kind of Life: To which I answer, that Laziness is the great motive that induces them to it; though, on the other hand, their gain is very considerable, though unlawfully gotten, for swarming up and down the Countries, they delude the young Wenches that are Mad for Husbands, by possessing them they are the Children of the Wise men, and have familiar conversation with the Stars, which demonstrate to them future Events; nay, many times they have their Scout or Intelligencer in the Towns or Villages through which they are to pass, who against their arrival enquire out many things by Wheedle or Insinuation; as what things have been lost; who is sick; who about to be Married; or who crost in Love, and gave notice thereof privately to the Gypsies, who apply themselves to these places with such protestations of discovery, and telling none but the truth, that they get to be believed by repeating what has been told them, with some addition; and that they may seem to conjure, they cross themselves, and turning up the Whites of their Eyes, Mutter in an odd manner their Gibrish: and when they are once found to be in a truth, the Rumour of it decoys many to their Lure; and they always having in their gang some one dexterous at diving or picking of Pockets; they seldom fail to doe it whilst one of the Crew is poring on the hand of some silly wench or fellow, under a pretence of Fortune-telling; nay their Children of five or six years old upon the signal will doe it, which in their Gibrish is *Kinchin, Clow the Lower*: which being insensibly performed,

occa-

occasioned the foolish report, That if they had one piece of Money given them, they had the Art of commanding the rest; as indeed in one sense they have: Nor are they wanting if the Cove nap'em; that is, if they are taxed with it, to make horrid Imprecations that they are innocent; yet the Whipping-post has such a powerfull Spell attending it, that it many times obliges them to recant their Cant, in making restitution: nay, the Children they carry at their backs are so dexterous that they shall steal a Hatband, loose Head-cloaths or Handkerchief over her shoulder that carries 'em, whilst she is pretending to tell a Fortune, &c. Nor are those Children, for the most part, any of their own; but when any young Gentlewoman or Servant Maid has trod awry, and her Reputation and the Father's are to be spared, then by the advice of the Midwife or Nurse, the Child with a sum of Money, as they can agree, is taken by them; so that these Children but rarely know their true Parents.

Having thus far spoken of the Wandering Tribe, who are no other than English Beggars, Thieves and Vagabonds, that discolour their Faces, Necks and Hands with Bacon-gease and Soot in the Winter, and with the green Shells, or Husks of Walnuts in the Summer, I shall now proceed to give you an account of their Cant, and what they mean by it in English.

The Gypsies and Beggars CANT; Comprehending all the Material Words used by them, upon sundry occasions; as likewise their Explanation.

English.

Cant.

A Handsome Wench
An Apron
A part or share

Rum Mort
Belly cheat
Snack or Earnest

A Break-

A Break-house	Betty
A hole	Firm
A Gentlewoman	Gentry-Mort
A Receiver of stoln Goods	Fencing Cully.
A Groat	Flag
A Dore	Giger
A Pass	Gybe
A Guiney or Job	Huskin lour
A Child	Kinchin
A little man	Kinchin-cove
A private house	Libben
An Ale-house	Boozing-ken
The Gallows	Nubbing-cheat
Cloaths	Lurries
Thieves	Priggs
Meat or Provision	Peck or Peckidge
Lace	Peake
A stout Rogue	Ruffer
An Arm	Smiter
Andirons	Glimfenders
To agree with a man	Famgrasp the Cove
Angry	Glim flushy
A Barboy	Squeker
A Beadle	Figg'ing Cove
Butter	Bever
Bridewell	Naskin
Born a Beggar	Clapperdageon
A Boghouse	Crooping-ken
A Bed	Libbedge
Bread	Panam
Beggars	Maunders
To beg	Mauud
A Bottle	Boozing-cheat
Be carefull of what you say	Sigw the Whidds, & plant 'em
A Bridle	Nabgarder
Shackles	Cramp'ings
A Body	Qua: ron

Cunning	Queer
Bacon	Ruff peck
Broker	Fencing-Cully
Bastard	Stalewhimper
Belated	Hudwink't
Blind men	Groppers
A Barn	Skipper
A Barr	Touting ken
Be cautious	Stow the Whidds.
Brokers shop	Stollen ken
Beaten	Chast
A Breast	Heaver
A Cheat	Napper
A Coach	Rattler
A Chamber-pot	Facum-gag
A Constable	Harmanback
Coach-beggars	Railing Mumpers
A Cloak-bag	Roger
A Candlestick	Glimstick
Fire	Glimmer
Cut the Cloak-bag	I lick the Roger
Corn	Grannam
A cluster of Grapes	Rum-boozing Welas
A Crust	Crackler
A crafty fellow	Chincher
A Crutch	Lifter
A Church	Autem
To cheat	Bite
A Cow	Mower
A Coat	Mishropper
Counterfeit	Conseck
A Coach-man	Smacking Cove
To copulate	Wap
Cheese	Cash
A Cloak	Togeman
The Country	Deusavile

Carriers	Deuseavise Stampers
Choaked	Frummagem'd
Chickens	Cackling Cheats
A Dog	Bugher
A Drawer of Wine	Rum-booper
Day, or Day-break	Lightmans
Duck	Quaking-cheat
Drunk	Nazzy
A Drunkard	Nazzy Cove
Droufie	Peeping
Drink	Booze
To enter a House	Dup
Eyes	Ogles or Glaziers
Ends of Gold and Silver	Spingles
Dumb	Cark
Ditch	Fague
A Drover	Mow-beater
The Devil	Ruffin
Dry or Thirsty	Chapt
A Dish	Skew
Fellows that Spirit people	Kidnappers
The Face	Muns
A Fool or Coxcomb	Nizie
Fearfull	Peery
To fly or run away	Brush off
One easily over-reach'd	Cully
Feet	Stampers
Gold	Mint
Gaol	Naskin
Goldsmith	Ridgully
Gallant	Rum
Garden or Nose gay	Smelling cheat
To go up Stairs	Track up the Dancers
Glass broken	Flicker snapt
A Highway	Topping Cove
A Highway man	Rum pad
A Horse-stealar	Pringer of Prancers

A Horfe	Rum-padder
A Head	Nab
A Hat	Nab-cheat
A half-penny	Make
A Houfe	Ken
Hands	Fambles,
Hofe	Drawers
Hoftels	Supouch
Heart	Panter
Hoft	Bufser
To Ingage	Blot the Scrip
King of the Link-boys	Rum Glimmer
Link-boy	Moon-curfer or Glim-juk
Legs	Stampers
License	Facrum
Look thro' the Cafement	Tout thro' the Wicker
Lips	Gans
Lye	Coker
Mafs	Solomon
Mallard or Duck	Red-shank or Quaking-cheat
A Looking-glaſs	Peeper
London	Rum ville
Milk-porridge	Papler
Money	Lower
A Married Woman	Autem Mort
A Man	Cove
A Noſe	Gigg
Newgate	Whitt
A Neck	Nub
Night or Evening	Darkman
Pottage	Lap
Pork	Grunting cheat
Peaſe	Trundlers
Partners to Files	Shoulder-shams
A piece of old Gold	Old Mr. Gory
A Port-Mantle	Peter
Any Priſon	Queer-ken

A Penny	Win
A Pot or Pipe	Gagg
A Picklock	Gilt
The Plague	Cannakin
Pretty	Dimber
The Pox	Bube
A poor Man	Abraham Cove
A Purse	Bung
To cut a Purse	Nip the Bung
To speak cunningly	Stow the Whids
To give good Words	Cut been Whids
A Villain	Damber
Rings or Gloves	Famble Cheats
A Rich Fool	Rum Culley
Riding	Prigging
Riders	Priggers
A Shilling	Board or Hog
Sheep	Blating Cheats
To steal a Port-mantle	Eite the Roger
A Shirt	Mish
To speak	Cut
Stockins	Drawers
Stocks	Harmans
Sucking-pigs	Grunting Cheat
Silver	Witcher
Sixpence	Half a Hog
Silver Bowl	Witcher Cully,
Straw, Sheets, Shoes	Stummel, States, Stamps
A Shop	Swag
Bought for with a Warrant	Romboyl'd
A Sheep stealer	Napper of Napes
A Seal	Fark
Teeth	Crushing Cheats
To lye down	Couch
To go to sleep	Couch a Hogthead
To speak ill	Cut Quere whids
To be whip'd	Cly the Ferk

To Rob a House
Tobacco
To take Tobacco
To Beat
To Spend or lay out
To tumble together
The Sessions-house
A Turkey
To be Transported
To run away
To look out
To hang
The Tongue
To wear

The Wench hath Clapt
the Fellow

The Fellow is rubbed
off or broken,

Make away from the
Stairs least you are taken,

Be Jugged with hand
seal for a Person,

The Rogue was dragged
at the Cart's Arse through
the chief streets of Lon-
don, and whipp'd by the
Hang-man,

Beat the man on the
High-way, for the Money
in his purse,

Philip him on the Nose

Night Budge, will you
Spend your Shilling at the
next Ale-house,

Heave a Boorth

Fogus

Raise a Cloud

Fib

Fence

Lib

Nubbing-ken

Cobble-colter

Marinated

Pike off

Tour

Trine

Prating Cheat

Scour

The Mort has tipt the
bube to the Cully.

The Cully is brushed,

Blow off on the Ground-
sil.

Blot the Scrip and Fark
it.

The Prancer drew the
Quere Cove at the cropping
of the Rottam through the
Rum-pads of the Rum-vill
and was flogg'd by the Nub-
bing-cove.

Fib the Coves quarrons in
the Rum-pad, for the Lour
in his Bung.

Give him a Rum-snatch, or
snatchel him on the Gigg.

You Darkman-budge, will
you fence your Hog at the
next Boozing-ken.

Go up Stairs and tip
off with the Looking-glass,

Drawer, fill us presently
a bottle of the best Cana-
ry.

Let the Devil take the
Justice, and let the Con-
stable hang with his Chil-
dren about his Neck,

The Fellow cants very
well.

The Fellow entred into
bond with me willingly
for forty Shillings

Five Highway-men got
away in the night out of
Newgate,

Look through the Win-
dow and see where the
man walks with a Gentle-
woman whose face is the
best I ever saw before.

The Drover goes away
with the Cows,

Cut me some Bread and
Cheese,

Hoff, fill a Pot of
Drink,

Keep your own ways,

Give good Words,

Give the Money,

Run for it as well as
you can

Consider well what you
say, and lay your words
close,

*Track the Dancers & pike
with the peepers*

*Rum Hooper, tip us pre-
sently a Bousing-Cheat of
Rum-Gutlers.*

*The Ruffin nab the Cuf-
fin quere, and let the Harmar-
beck trine with his Kinchins
about his Coloquaron*

*The Cully stams flesh
Rumly.*

*The Cully did freely blot
the Scrip and so tipped me
forty Hags.*

*Five Rum-padders, are
rubbed in the Darkman out
of the Whit.*

*Tout through the Wick-
er and see where the Cully
pikes with the Genry-Mort,
whose Muns is the rummest I
ever touched before.*

*The Mow-beater pikes off
with the Mows.*

*Filsh me some Panum and
Cash*

*Buffler, fill a Gagg of
Rumbooze.*

Maundo your own pads.

Cut been Whids.

Tip the Lour.

Pike on the Been.

*Plant your Whids and
stow them well:*

The

The Coach-beggar has
broke the Coach-glass.

The Hue and Cry is be-
lated.

The Link-man has Rob-
bed the Drunken-Cully
of his purse.

The Horse-stealer is
hanged.

The Ratling - Mumper
broke the Ratling-peeper.

The Napping-Cove is
Hoodwink'd.

The Glimmerer has bit
the bubbing Cully of his
bung.

The Prigger of Francers
is nubbed.

Thus Reader, having given you a Light into this
new created Language which was never known to our
Forefathers, nor heard of at the Confusion of Babel, I
shall proceed to divert you with some pleasant Songs
in the same *Lingua*; yet that I may not leave you in
the dark as to the understanding of them, I shall ren-
der them likewise into *English*.

Canting SONGS ; the best sort in Cant and English.

The Advice, &c. A Song in Cant.

1.

Bing out been Morts, and tour and tour
bing out been Morts and tour,
For all your duds are bing'd a'vast,
the been Cove tips the lour.

2.

I met a Dell, I view'd her well,
she was been-ship to my watch;
So she and I did stall and cloy,
whatever we cou'd catch.

3.

This Doxy Dell can cut been whids,
And wap well for a win,
And Prig and cloy so beenishly,
All the Deuseavile within.

4. The

4.
The boyl was up, we had good luck,
as well in frost as now;
When they did seek, then we did creep,
and plant in Ruffman's row.

5.
To strolen Ken the Mort brings then,
to fetch lour for her cheats;
Duds and Ruffpecks romboil'd by Harmanbecks,
and won by Maunders feats.

6.
You Maunders all, shew what you stall,
to Rum-coves that's so quire,
And wapping Dell, that niggles well,
and takes lour for her hire.

7.
And Jybe well jerk'd, tick rome confeck,
for back by Glimmar to maund,
To mill each Ken, let Cove bring then,
though Ruffmans Jauge or Laund.

8.
Till Cramprings quire tip Cove his hire,
and Quire Ken do them catch,
A Canniken will quire Cuffin,
so quire to been Coves watch.

9.
Been Darkmans then booze Mort and Ken,
And been Coves bing avast,
On Chats to trine by Rum-Coves dine,
for his long Lib at last.

10.
Bing out been Morts and tour,
bing out of the Room vile fine,
And tour the Cove that cloy'd your Duds
upon the Chats to trine.

Now that if any person should hear one of these fellows sing this Song, with the Gestures they use at the time, he would conclude him no better then a Mad-man, though the English or meaning of it, will make it out more plain and pleasant.

The same Song in English.

1. **G**O forth brave Girls, look out, look out,
Look out I say good Maids,
For all your Cloaths are stol'n I doubt,
and shar'd amongst the Blades.
2. I met a Lads I lik'd her well,
with whom I us'd to dally ;
What goods we stole, we strait did sell,
and then abroad did sally.
3. This Bouncing Trull can finely talk,
she will doe for a penny ;
Through every Town which she do's walk,
fails not to steal from any.
4. This house being rais'd, aside we slept,
and through the Mire did wade ;
The Hue and Cry to shun, we crept
in Hedges where we lay'd.
5. To the Brokers then my Hedgebird flies,
For Goods she brings good Coin.
Which though the Constable after us hies,
Our tricks us away purloin.
6. You Maunding Rogues, beware how you
do steal, for search is made ;
And let each Jade look to it too,
who will not doe till paid.
7. A License got with forged seal,
to beg, as if undone
By Fire, to break each House and steal,
o'er hedge and ditch to run.

8. Till Shackles soundly pay us home,
and to the Gaol compell us;
But may some mischief to 'em come,
who're cruel to good fellows.
9. Sweet Wench, Alehouse, and Beer, 'good night,
The Jovial Rogue's departed;
To hanging by the Justice spight,
to his long home he's Carted.
10. Away sweet Ducks with greedy Eyes,
from London walk up Holbourn,
Pursue him stole your Cloaths; he flies
with Hempen wings to Tyburn.

*The King of the GYPSIES Song made upon his Beloved
Doxy or Mistriss.*

DOxy oh! Thy Glaziers shine
As Glymmar by the Salomon;
No Gentry Mort hath parts like thine,
no Cove e'er wap'd with such a one.

2. White thy Fambles, red thy Gan,
and thy Quarrons dainty is;
Couch a Hogshead with me then,
and in the Darkman's clip and kifs.

3. What though I no Togeman wear,
nor Commission, Mith, or Slate;
Store of Strummet we'll have here,
and i'th' Skipper lib. in state.

4. Wapping thou'ld know do's love,
Else the Ruffin cly the Mort;
From thy Stampers then remove,
thy Drawers, and lets prig in sport.

5. When the Lightmans up do's call
Margery Prater from her nest,
And her Cackling cheats withall,
In a Boozing-Ken we'll feast.

6. There

6. There if Lour we want I'll mill
A Gage, or nip for thee a bung;
Rumbooze thou shalt booze thy fill,
and crash a Grunting cheat that's young,

The Sense in English thus.

1. **M**Y Bonny Lads, by th' Mass I swear,
Thine Eyes do shine then fire more clear;
No filken Girl has Thighs like thine,
No Doe more Buxome is than mine.

2. Thy hand is white and red thy lip,
Thy dainty Body I will clip:
Let's down to sleep our selves then lay,
Hug in the dark, and kiss and play.

3. What though I no Cloak do wear,
And neither Shirt no Sheet do bear,
Yet Straw we'll have enough that's sweet,
And tumble when i'th' Barn we meet.

4. What thy Grandame lov'd'st dost thou,
Or else you are not kind I vow;
Off then with thy Stockings and Shoes,
And let us do what others use.

5. When the Morning up shall call
From her Nest, the Hen and all
Her tender Broodlings, thou and I
Will take and to the Ale-house flye.

6. If we can't our Reckoning pay,
Something I will steal away:
Drink off thy Liquor then thy fill,
Some sucking Pig for thee I'll kill.

7. Therefore to *London* let us hye
Thou hast a sweet bewitching Eye;
There we'll rob and kiss Pell-mell,
Escaping *Tyburn* all is well.

*The Rum-Mort's Song in Praise of her Maunder who
had forsaken her.*

1. **N**OW my Kinchin-Cove is gone,
By the Rum-pad maundeth none,
In quarrons both for stump and bone
Like my Clapperdageon.

2. Dimber damber fare thee well,
Palliards all thou didst excell,
And thy Jockum bore the Bell,
Glymmer on it never fell.

3. Thou the Cramprings ne'er didst scowre
Harmans had on thee no power,
Harmanbecks did never toure
For thee, the Drawers still had lour.

5. Duds and Cheats thou oft hast won
Yet the Cuffin-quire couldst shun
And the Deaufavile didst run,
Else the Chates had thee undone.

5. Cank and Dommerar thou couldst play,
Or Rum-Maunder in one day,
And like an Abram-Cove couldst pray
Yet pass with Gybes well jerk'd away.

6. When the Darkmans have been wet
Thou the Crackmans down didst beat
For Glymmar, whilst a Quaking cheat,
Or Tib o'th' Buttery, was our Meat.

Red shanks then I could not lack,
Ruff-peck still hung on thy Back,
Grannam ever fill'd my sack,
With lap and poplars held I tack

8. To thy Bugher and thy Skew,
Filch and Gybes I bid adieu,
Though thy Togeman was not new;
In it the Rogue to me was true.

The Sense in English thus.

1. **N**O W my little Rogue is gone;
By the Highway maundeth none,
In body both for strength and bone,
Like my Clapperdodgeon.

2. Pretty Rascal fare thee well,
Born beggars all thou dost excell,
Thy Sweep-stakes still shall bear the Bell,
No Fireship yet aboard it fell.

3. Bolts my Bully ne'er did wear,
Never thou the Stocks didst fear;
For thee no Constable did care,
For thou hadst money and to spare.

4. Cloaths by stealth thou oft hast got,
Yet the Justice took thee thee not,
But through the Country thou didst trot,
The Gallows else had been thy lot.

5. Dumb & Madman thou couldst play,
Or a driveling Fool too, all the day,
And like a poor Man thou couldst pray,
Yet with false Passes scape away.

6. When the Evening hath been wet,
For Fire the Hedges down didst beat;
Me then with stoln Duck didst treat,
Or else a fat Goose was our Meat.

7. Mallards then I could not lack,
Bacon hung always at my back,
Nor was Corn wanting in Sack,
With good Milk-pottage I held tack.

8. To thy Dog and Dish adieu,
Thy Staff and F^l I ne'er must view,
Though thy Cloak was far from new,
In it my Rogue to me was true.

The Budge's Song, in Cant.

1. **T**he Budge it is a delicate Trade,
and a delicate Trade of fame,
For when that we have bit the blow,
we carry away the Game;
But if the Cully nap us;
and the Lurries from us take,
O then he rubs us to the Whit,
though we are not worth a Make.
2. And when that we come to the Whit
our Darbys to behold;
And for to do our pennance there,
we booze the Water cold;
But when that we come out again
and the merry Hick wee meet,
We file off with his Cole,
as he pikes along the Street.
3. And when that we have fil'd him
perhaps of half a Job;
Then every man to his Bouzing-ken
O there to fence his Hog:
But if the Cully nap us,
and once again we get
Into the Crampring Rings,
to scour them in the Whit.
4. Our Fortune soon is told us then
unto our Sorrow great,
O we are doom'd by the red Gown men,
to dye at the Nubbing-cheat:
Then every man with his Mort in his hand
Do's Booze off his Can and part
With a Kiss we part, and Westward stand
to the Nubbing-cheat in a Cart.
5. And when we come to the Nubbing-cheat,
for running on the Budge;

There

There stands *Jack Ketch*, that Son of a Bitch:
 that owes us all a grudge,
 For when that he has nubb'd us,
 and our Friends tip him no Colo
 He takes his chive and cuts us down
 and tips us into a hole.

Besides these stroaling Beggars and pretended *Ægyptians*, there are others that use the like Cant, who are most of the Town Thieves, or such as harbour about *London*; and are distinguished by several Canting Names or Titles, viz.

The *High-Pad* or High-way-man. The *Low Pad* or Foot Robber. The *Budge*, who makes it his business to run into Houses and take what comes first to hand. The *Diver* or Pick-pocket. The *Bulk*, or one that is his assistant in creating Quarrels by Jostling &c. to gather a Croud that the *Diver* may have the better Opportunity to effect his purpose. The *Filt* is one that pretending Business in a Tavern or Alehouse, takes a private Room, and with Picklocks opens the Trunks or Chests and taking what he can conveniently, locks them again, pays his Reckoning and departs. The *Prigger of Prancers* is one that makes it his business to steal Horses. The *Ken-Miller* is one that Robs Houses in the night-time, by breaking them open or getting in at the Window, and seldom goes alone. The *File* is the same with the *Diver*, though for the most part he goes without the *Bulk*, and was formerly known by the Title of the *Bung-nipper*, because with a horn Thumb and a sharp Knife he used to cut the Pockets clever off, with all that was in them. The *Bubber* is one that goes to Alehouses to drink on purpose to steal Tankards. The *Shop-lifts* are commonly Women who go into Shops under pretence of Buying, and seeming very difficult to be pleased, find an Opportunity to slip some Garment, piece of silk or Stuff,

Ec. into their Coat, Bag, or other private conveyance, with which they are seldome unfurnished. The Angler is one that takes a Quarry of Glass out of a Casement, and so opening it, with a long Pole and Hook at the end on't, pulls to him what he can conveniently reach without entering the House. But enough of these Varlets, that like the *Egyptian Locust* pester the Nation, there being no Remedy effectual to put an end to their Rogueries but the Gallows; wherefore not to trouble the Reader with a story of their many Villanies, and by what means they achieve them, all of them being witty and ingenious in Mischief; I shall conclude this discourse with a Song, very sutable to the purpose.

The Black Profession: A Song.

GOOD People give ear whilst a Story I tell (Hell,
Of 20 black Tradesmen who were brought up in
On purpose poor People to Rob of their due,
There's none shall be nooz'd if you find but one true.
The first was a Coiner that framp't in a Mould,
The second a Voucher to put off his Gold;
Mark you well, Mark you well.

See where they're rubb'd
Up to the Nubbing-Cheek, and there they're nubb'd.

The third was a Padder that fell to decay,
And when he was living took to the High-way,
The fourth is a Mill-ken to crack up a Door,
He'll venture to Rob both the Rich and the Poor,
The fifth is a Glazier who when he creeps in,
To pinch all the Lurry he thinks it no Sin:

Mark you well, &c.

The fifth is File-cloy that not one Hick spares.

The seventh is a Budge to trip up the Stairs.

The eighth is a Bulk that can Bulk any Hick.

If the Master be napp'd then the Bulk he is sick.

The

The ninth is a Ginny to lift up a Grate,
If he sees but the Lurry with his hooks he will bate.

Mark you well, &c.

The tenth is a Shop-lift who carries a Bob,
When she rangeth the City the Shops for to Rob.

The eleventh is a Bubber much used of late,
He goes to an Alehouse and steals thence the Plate.

The twelfth a Trappann, if a Cully he do's meet,
He nips all his Lour and turns him i'th' freet:

Mark you well, &c.

The thirteenth a Fambler false Rings for to sell,
When a Mob he has bit, his Cole he will tell.

The fourteenth a Gamester, if he sees the Hick sweet,
He presently drops down a Cog in the freet.

The fifteenth's a Prancer whose courage is small,
If they catch him Horse-stealing he's noozed for all:

Mark you well, &c.

The Sixteenth a Sheep-napper whose Trade is so deep,
If he's caught in the Corn he's mark'd for a Sheep.

The seventeenth a Dunaker that will make Vows,
To goe into the Country to steal all the Cows.

The eighteenth a Kid-napper who spirits young Men,
Though he tips them the Pikes they nig him again:

Mark you well, &c.

The nineteenth is a Prigger of Cacklers in Storms,
Goes into the Country to visit the Farms;

He steals there their Poultry and thinks it no Sin
When into the Hen-roost i'th' night he gets in.

The twentieth a Thief-taker, so we him call,
If he Naps a poor Tradesman he makes him pay all.

Mark you well, &c.

An Introduction to the modish Method of DANCING
in the Examples of several Set Dances greatly in
Request, &c.

Lady in the Dark. A Dance for Four.

(O) O

In



IN this Dance the two Couples must meet and turn off single, then the Men must cross over & the Women must do the same, then back again : And so the Men must meet & fall back, then take Arms by the Right-hands & turn by the Left, the Women doing the like : then side with the contraries, and set : after this do as much with your own.

Meet & each take the contrary & fall back with her ; then must the first Couple go under the other Couples Arms, after that they must go under the others. Then each Man must meet with his Woman and fall back with her ; after that go under one anothers Arms forward & backward as before, and so take Arms as you sided.

Take Right-hands to the contrary and Left to your own, Remain in the contrary place and set your own ; do that back again, setting to the contrary.

The SEDANT. A pleasant Dance for as many as will in this Order, (O O O)))

IN this Dance the first Man and Woman must sides once, set and turn single, then pass forward each to the next sides again, set and turn single, doing afterwards as much to the next, and so forwards and backwards till you recover the places where you began.

Arms all as you sided, and so till you recover your own places.

Proceed now to the single Hey, as handing as you pass till you recover your Places.

Rose

Rose is white and Rose is red. A round Dance for as many as will.

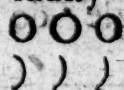


IN this Dance take hands and meet all a double, back again and set and turn a Single: doe it again and let the first couple lead forward and then backward to the Man on the Right hand; then all three take Hands and go round. After this, the Women must do as much and so the Men, in order, must proceed to the next Man, and in like manner, till you recover your places, the rest following and doing the same.

Now sides all Set and turn Single, do the like again; after that lead forwards and backwards before, so go the single Hey, all the three strains, do this change to all, the remaining Parties following and doing the like

Arms all set and turn single, doe it again; then let the first couple lead forwards and back as before; then let the Man pass under your Arms; turn your own and to all; do thus, the rest following.

Lady lye near me. A Dance for as many as please in Couples, Long ways.



IN this Dance lead up forward and backward when the Single. — Strain is played, and do in the like manner when the double One — is played. Let the first Couple cross over and so fall into the second place, and then cross again and fall into the last place, and let every Couple do in the like manner.

... of Wit, &c.

Sides all upon play-
ing the first Strain,
and do as much upon
playing the second.

Arms all a fingle,
Strain played & up-
on the Strain, being
played twice do the
same again.

All in a Garden green.

In this Dance lead
up a Double for-
wards and back-
wards, Set and Turn
fingle, their do as
much again.

Sides all set and
turn a fingle, do the
like again.

Arms all set and
turn a fingle do it
again :

Then half the fingle Hey on
each side, set and turn fingle,
then let all do this and change.

Let the Men take Hands all
and go half round, the Women
doing the like ; then all do the
like and change.

A Dance Long-ways for six.

O O O)))

The first Man shake by the hand
his own Woman, then the second
so the third, by one hand & then
by the other Kiss her twice and
turn her : upon a fingle Strain
playing, shake her by the hand,
then the second and so your own
by one hand & then by the other
Kiss her twice and turn her.

Do this as before, the Wo-
men likewise doing it.

Do this as before, the Men
doing it :

Note, That a Single is only two steps closing both feet
and a Double is four steps forward and backward, closing
both Feet ; and to set and turn is a Single to one hand
& as much to the other ; and to turn fingle : and for
these : they signifie the strains played once, twice, &c

Reader, I take my leave, and boldly dare

Think you'll not Censure what you well may spare.

F I N I S.

